

SUMMER NUMBER 1945

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FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE PAGE III.



# Abdullas *for choice*

The most popular brands are :—  
"VIRGINIA" No. 7 • TURKISH No. 11 • "EGYPTIAN" No. 16



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.  
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD.

# Huntley & Palmers

*the first name  
you think of  
in*

# Biscuits

CFH

Postage of this issue—Great Britain and Ireland, 2d.

Canada, 1d.

Elsewhere Overseas, 1½d.



*All you want in Wool*



*When*

*peace brings back*

*the plenty, the*

*Austin Reed*

*Service will*

*be there*



REGENT STREET, LONDON  
AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

TELEPHONE: REGENT 6789



## • RHYME AND REASON •



*Old King Cole  
was a wise old soul  
Deep in his pocket he dug  
To save more money  
week by week  
And diddle the Squander Bug.*

**BUY**  
**NATIONAL**  
**SAVINGS**  
**CERTIFICATES**

**BECAUSE :**

Every 15/- Certificate earns you 5/6 in 10 years' time.

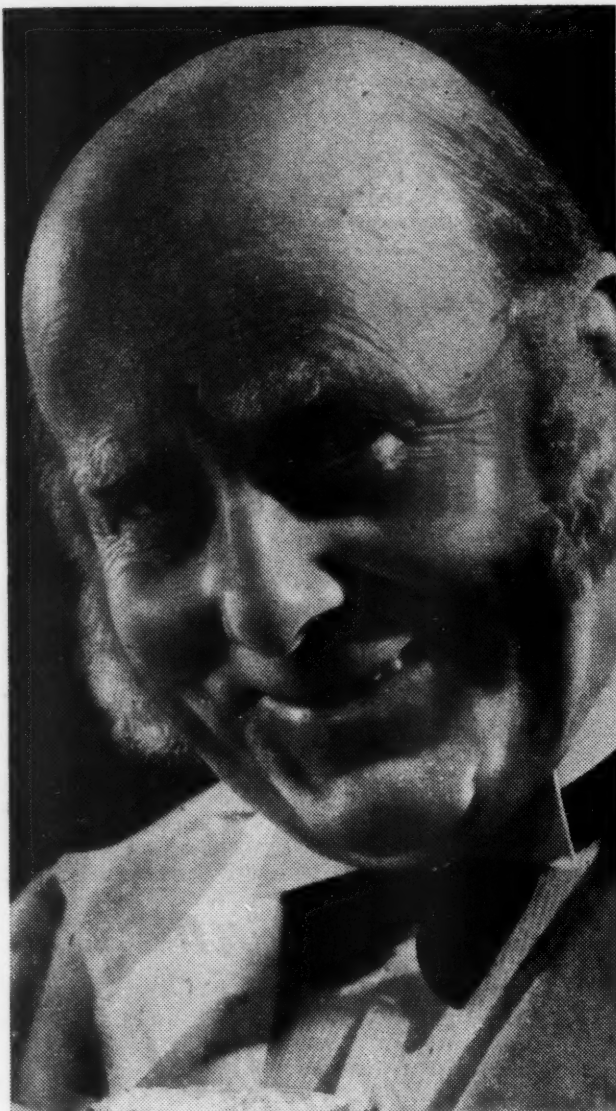
This increase is not subject to Income Tax.

They're easy to buy, easy to hold, easy to cash.

Savings up keeps prices down.

Savings help to win the war.

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*



## Make it my way, Madam

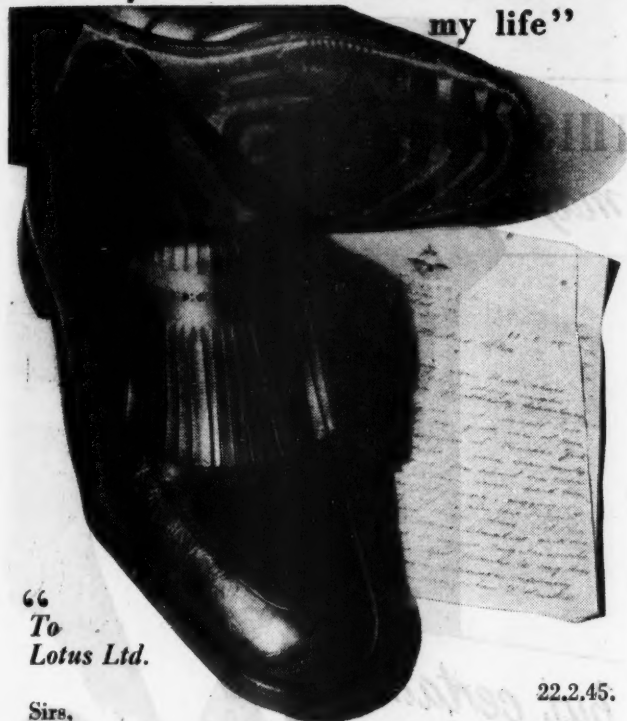
says OLD HETHERS

Since you cannot buy Robinson's Barley Water in bottles for the time being, you will do well to take Old Hethers' advice and make it for yourself from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley. The simple directions are on the tin; and if you cannot get hold of a lemon or an orange for flavouring, use the juice of stewed or tinned fruit; honey or jam.

Barley Water from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
**'Patent' BARLEY**



"... your shoes almost saved  
my life"



"  
To  
Lotus Ltd.

Sirs,

22.2.45.

I am a Belgian and bought these shoes in May, 1941, in Belgium at Knocke-Zoute. Soon afterwards I have been arrested by the Germans for about one year, during which I have done hard labour (road and concrete work, digging, coal loading, etc.), all this time I was wearing these shoes. At the end of 1942 I was liberated, and one night arrested again together with other people, but thanks to my shoes I could escape because nobody could hear me when I started running.

Finally, when in August, 1943, I escaped to England, I travelled through France, and I am quite sure that your shoes almost saved my life when I had to climb over the Pyrenees mountains, which I had to cross to go to Spain. I can assure you that their non-slip qualities are absolute.

I have been wearing them till half 1944, and have always been awaiting an opportunity to tell Lotus Ltd. how pleased I have been with the high-class quality of their shoes, and I assure you that I'll be a customer for the rest of my life.

Yours truly (signed) A. C. —

# LOTUS GOLF SHOES

WILL BE AVAILABLE IN NORMAL SUPPLY AFTER THE WAR

BALKAN SOBRANIE  
CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS

This  
England...



A memory of blue hills and really green fields? A snap taken in a suburban garden? The thump of bat and ball or the crack of a perfect brassie? For ourselves, in this year of Victory, it is a simple wish. To be idle once more in a deep deckchair watching others exerting themselves to keep fit, and ready to hand our Balkan Sobranie. For in the smoking of Balkan Sobranie—blended by hereditary genius and made by master craftsmen—is the soft answer to all the hurry, the slow music to play out urgency, the symphony that is peace itself...



SOBRANIE LTD. LONDON. E.C.1



*I*N those far-off pre-war days you could take your choice—a strong silent curse or a rueful smile—when your battery gave up the ghost. In the years between we have never ceased trying to find ways and means of packing more power into the ‘little black box.’ Perfection? Well, hardly—at the moment we thought we had reached the millennium, the war created our problems anew. More and still more power, they said, just *had* to be found to turn the engines of war. Now, with new miracles freshly performed, we are tempted to call it a *magic black box*!

With our blessing—and a quality-improved performance—Oldham’s ‘little black box’ will be yours to conjure with after the war is over.



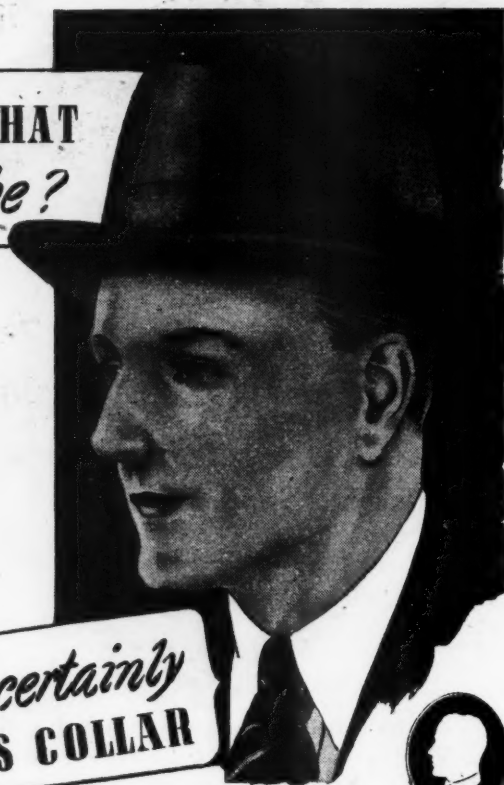
**THE BATTERY WITH POWER TO SPARE**

OLDHAM & SON LTD · DENTON · MANCHESTER

Tel. DENTON 2431 · ESTABLISHED 1865

**THIS HAT**  
*maybe?*

*but certainly*  
**THIS COLLAR**



Regd. Trade Mark

**“VAN HEUSEN”**

Semi-Stiff Collars

Regd Trade Mark

Many men are beginning to think of the day when they put away their Service cap for good. What will they wear instead? A “bowler”? A trilby? A soft felt? This depends largely on taste and walk of life, but *one* choice, that of their Civvy Street collar, is certain. It is “Van Heusen”, of course! “Van Heusen” are unequalled for comfort and style, and do not shrink. Coupon stringency makes them absolutely essential!

**“VANTELLA”**

*The Ideal Shirt for Men*

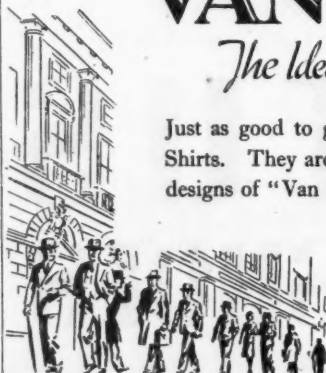
Regd

Just as good to get back to are “VANTELLA” Shirts. They are made to match all colours and designs of “Van Heusen” Collars.

“VAN HEUSEN” by  
HARDING, TILTON  
& HARTLEY, LTD.,  
Taunton, Somerset.

“VANTELLA” by  
COTELLA LTD.,

137-138 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1





## "A Natural Choice..."

and one I've remained loyal to right since the first fill. **FOUR SQUARE** for me every time, because it has no artificial flavouring, but is pure tobacco, made from the best leaf, matured and mellowed by ageing in the wood."

"VIRGINIAS"		"MIXTURES"
<b>RED SQUARES</b>	<b>BROWN SQUARES</b>	<b>BLUE SQUARES</b>
A rich, matured, satisfying Virginia. Very cool and long-lasting -	A fine cut Empire, shredded and toasted. Dark but soft flavour -	A perfectly balanced mixture of finest Virginia and choicest Eastern tobaccos. Aromatic but not heady -
per oz. 2/11	per oz. 2/7	per oz. 2/11
<b>YELLOW SQUARES</b>	<b>PURPLE SQUARES</b>	<b>GREEN SQUARES</b>
Similar style to Matured Virginia, but made from Empire leaf -	The ever-popular spun-cut. Little discs of tobacco ready for the pipe	A mixture of the old Scottish type medium strength and cut Empire leaf -
per oz. 2/7	per oz. 2/7	per oz. 2/7

# FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

One of the few remaining independent Tobacco firms, established 136 years ago.



## Relief & Restoration for the Disordered Digestion

UNDER present-day conditions it is not always possible to keep to a regular dietary routine. Lack of time or opportunity encourages the taking of hurriedly prepared meals and snacks, and these are apt to react harmfully on the digestive system.

The digestion which has been impaired in this way is best restored by giving it relief from strain. This can be accomplished by avoiding rushed meals, taking instead a cup of 'Ovaltine.'

Prepared from malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' provides concentrated nourishment in the most easily digestible form. Without strain on the digestion the nutritive properties of 'Ovaltine' are rapidly absorbed to bring quick reinforcement of nerve-strength, energy and vitality.

This is one of the important reasons why 'Ovaltine' is supplied to Military and Civil Hospitals. 'Ovaltine' has for many years been considered a hospital stand-by in cases of difficult feeding.

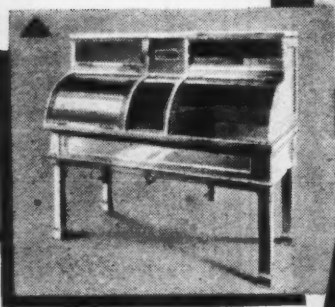
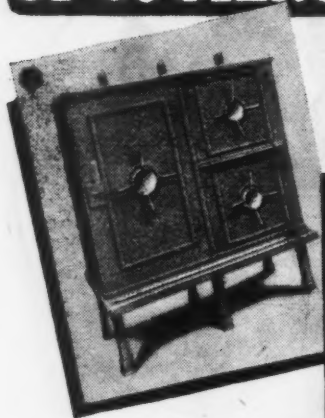
Prices in  
Gt. Britain and  
N. Ireland,  
2/4 and 4/-

*Ovaltine*

P642a



# ESSE'S GREAT RANGE OF COOKING EQUIPMENT



## THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd.

Established 1854

Head Office

BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND

London Showrooms:

46 Davies Street, W.1

11 Ludgate Circus, E.C.4

8 Upper Thames Street, E.C.4

LIVERPOOL:

EDINBURGH:

GLASGOW:

20 Canning Place • 17 Greenside Place • 11 Dixon Street, C.1

● ESSE Wet Steam Ovens. Single compartments or built up batteries.

▲ ESSE Gas-Heated Fish Fryer, speedy and efficient in operation.

★ ESSE Major Heat Storage Cooker is continuous burning.

◆ ESSE Steam-jacketed Boiling Pan has an outer surface free of unnecessary projections.



*As wine is  
to the grape*

**Lemco is to Beef**

# Lemco

*the original  
UNSEASONED  
Extract of Beef*

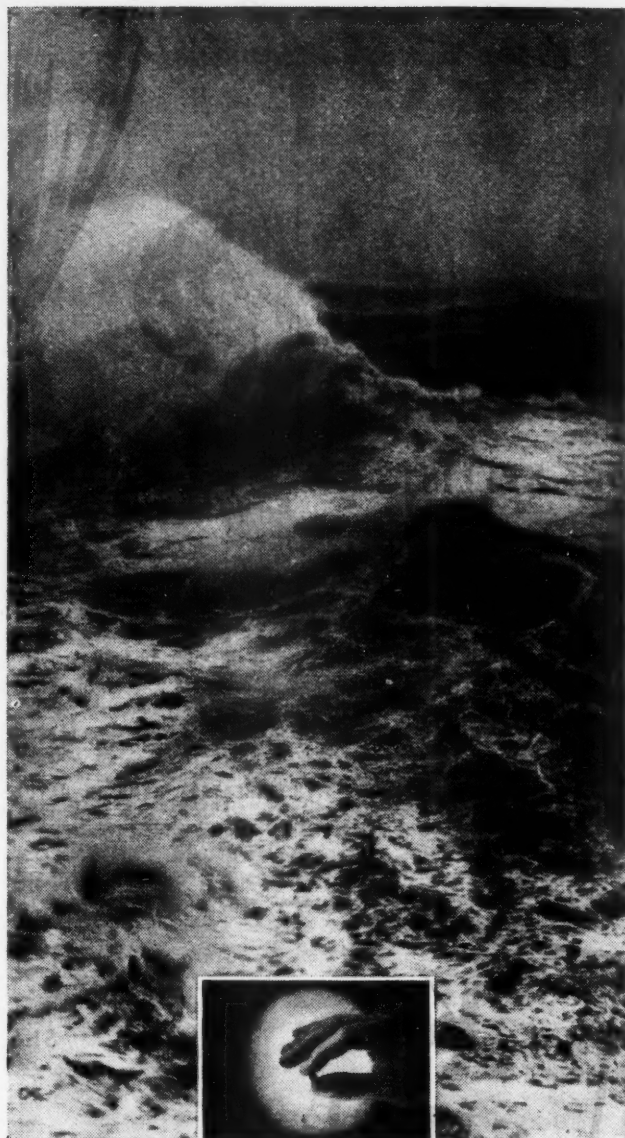


PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED, LONDON

*Famous for Fine  
Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS



**FROM THESE DEEP WATERS  
COMES A WEAPON TO FIGHT DISEASE**

IN THE DEEP-WATER SEAS of Greenland, Iceland and the North Pacific the halibut swims along the ocean bed. And scientists discovered that within the liver of the halibut are stored two vitamins which together form one of the most potent aids to health known to man. For halibut liver oil is a richly concentrated source of vitamins A and D, without which it is impossible for adults to maintain health or children to grow up with straight bones and strong teeth.

The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated with the work of these doctors and scientists—proud to supply them with the means to fight disease and to bring health and happiness into the lives of ordinary people.

**CROOKES**

MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS

The Crookes Laboratories (British Colloids Ltd.) • Park Royal • London • N.W.10



*"A Tobacco  
to live for"*

In unmeasured sincerity

J. M. Barrie wrote this many  
years ago. His feelings to-  
wards Craven Mixture have  
been and are to-day shared to  
the full by pipe-smokers the  
world over

**CRAVEN  
MIXTURE**

FINE CUT: For Double BROAD  
smokers who prefer CUT: full strength  
a more compact fill. and deeply satisfying.

EXTRA MILD:  
a "youthful" version, a  
little less in strength.

*All one price — 2/10½ an ounce*





When 'Afternoon Tea,' that most English of England's traditions, is restored by Peace to its aforesaid popularity and enjoyment, Minton China will almost inevitably come into enhanced request as well. Indeed, taste and custom might reasonably question whether one can adequately enjoy the one without the other.

# MINTON

*The World's Most Beautiful China*

MINTONS LTD \* STOKE-UPON-TRENT \* EST. 1793

## Elegant

FRONT AND BACK



It's those little intricacies in cut which make your "Gor-ray" Skirt "hang" so elegantly even after long wear. No undue "seating" occurs however many hours you spend at a desk. No feeling of being hobbled mars your freedom as you hurriedly take your longest strides. The "Zwow" man-style pocket, too, is an attractive convenience which brilliantly replaces the ugly old-style placket. "Gor-ray" Skirts in a wide variety of styles and materials.

**GOR-RAY**  
Skirts

All the better for the "Zwow" Pocket  
Issued by: C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA

GOR-RAY 10231

*Creators of Loveliness...*

HAIR  
STYLISTS

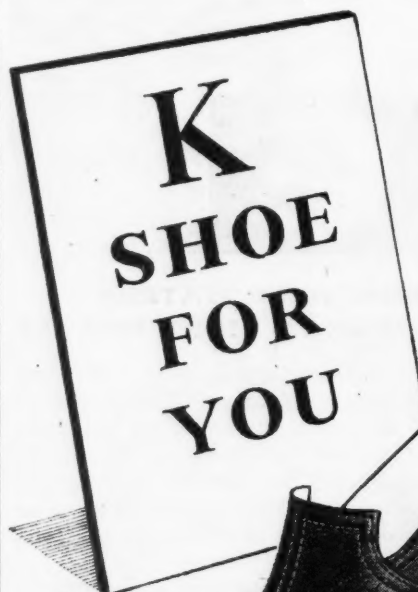


THE art of Antoine, Raymond and Emile enhances beauty through hair styling—simple, glamorous or sophisticated as desired. The development of rayon by Courtaulds performs an even greater service to beauty through the allure of lovely clothes.

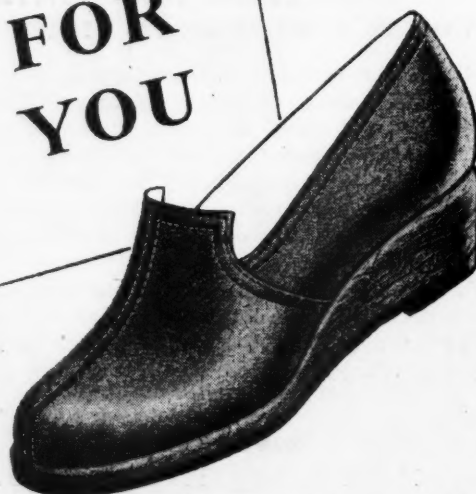
The symbol of loveliness that lasts!



*Courtaulds* THE GREATEST NAME IN RAYON



Tan, navy or green  
Wavemere grain 51/6



The shoe illustrated is shown as an example of current K manufacture. Its selection does not necessarily imply that supplies of this particular model are available





## BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
 cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9  
 100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
 2 oz. tin 5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

## Put your best face forward

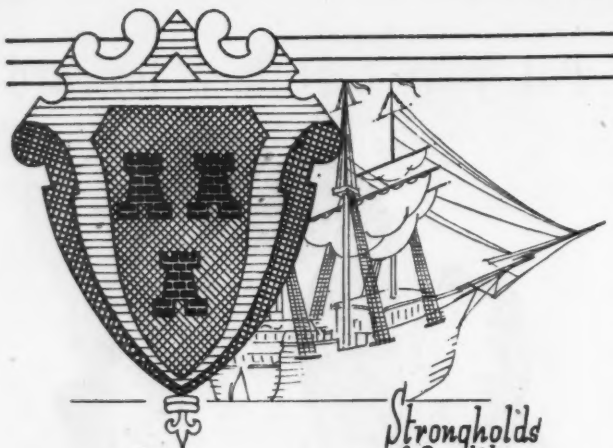


Yardley make it easy to look your best always, no matter how busy you are. Yardley Quick Cleansing Cream leaves your skin so fresh and smooth that a mere touch of foundation holds Yardley's fragrant Complexion Powder beautifully. Don't fluff the powder on. *Pat* it in to make it extra-clinging. Powder over your lipstick too; then retouch, and the lovely, exciting Yardley tint lasts all day. And do be kind to your hands. Yardley Hand Cream keeps them exquisitely soft!

Quick Cleansing Cream - 6/6    Complexion Powder - 4/-  
 Lipstick - 4/2    Refills - 2/6    Hand Cream - 3/3  
 Sorry—no post orders.

*Yardley*  
 33 · OLD BOND STREET  
 LONDON

ED 545



**WILL'S'S**  
**"THREE CASTLES"**  
**CIGARETTES**

20 for 2'8

r.r.912.D

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company, (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

*Coupon-coup*

Because you recognise the wearing qualities of 'Celanese' you are quick to make a Coupon-coup when you find 'Celanese' in the shops. And when Coupons become a memory there will be 'Celanese' of new luxury in which you will be "spoiled for choice!"

*'Celanese'*  
TRADE MARK

**McVITIE & PRICE**

*Makers of High Quality Biscuits*

**EDINBURGH**  
**LONDON**  
**MANCHESTER**

McVITIE & PRICE, LIMITED



★  
*Something to look forward to!*

**Mackintosh's**  
*'always in quality street'*





## High Official on the lookout

Ignoring the man on the top of the tube (who is entirely fictitious) you will notice that the tube itself becomes wider as it reaches its obvious conclusion. The steel tube is part of a telescopic gun sight. One method of making a tricky precision job like this is to machine it to shape from the solid. The other way is to consult Accles & Pollock (by no means fictitious)

who often have a quicker way of helping high officials to solve their higher problems.

## ACCLES & POLLOCK

LTD.

Makers and Manipulators of Seamless Tubes in  
Stainless and other steels OLDDBURY • BIRMINGHAM



# I'M GOING TO HAVE A

## MORRIS





# ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

Will be welcomed back with "Cheers!"

For Beauty  
and Durability

## Spode

A Great Name in  
Good China

EVERY day brings further proof of the satisfaction of owners of Spode. They have confirmed with growing appreciation that in these days of short supplies, the durability of this famous ware, which has its origin in fine craftsmanship, has seen them through.

## Spode

FINE CHINA &  
EARTHENWARE

W. J. COPELAND & SONS LIMITED,  
SPODE WORKS, STOKE-ON-TRENT



**BEDTIME STORY.** The day has been full of fun and now one more chapter of a bedtime story. Then it's time for a cup of OXO and happily to bed.



*Prepared from*

**PRIME RICH BEEF**



Famous for over  
100 years  
for  
**BISCUITS**

## CARR'S

## of CARLISLE

Send their compliments to all old and new friends and assure them that, following the removal of all Zoning and other restrictions after final Victory, their ever popular Biscuits will be on sale again everywhere

© C767

## Light as a feather...

Lan-Air-Cel blankets are cherished possessions now and if you take care of them they will last a lifetime. Owing to restrictions, our blankets are still rather scarce, but they are procurable in very limited quantities at most of the good stores.

Sole Manufacturers:  
McCALLUM & CRAIGIE LTD.,  
Wellshot Road, Shettleston, Glasgow, E2

# Lan-air-cel

CELLULAR BLANKETS



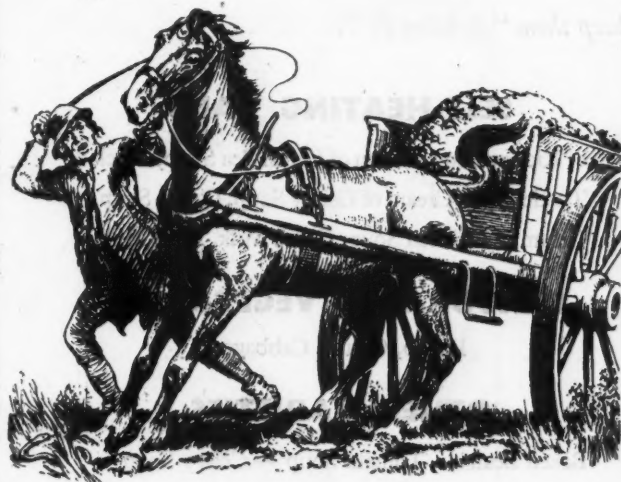
# Perpetual Motion

Scientifically it is said to be impossible to achieve perpetual motion but the movement of traffic over the railways comes very near it.



**GWR • LMS • LNER • SR**

*A good servant  
doth not  
all commands*



This was one time when the horse knew best. He saw the snake in the path. Let's hope he got a good feed of oats after his beating. There have been times when we have taken a beating for refusing to do as we were told. But such occasions are rare. Happily for us our customers know how to treat a good servant. As for those who think they know it all and aren't willing to listen to mere servants — well, they just don't get the best out of us.



HERE ARE TWO GOOD STOP NUTS  
Which should you choose for  
your purpose? Will you tell us  
or shall we tell you? Neither.  
Let's decide together.



**S I M M O N D S**

*Servants to Industry*

SIMMONDS AEROCESSORIES LIMITED, GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON  
A COMPANY OF THE SIMMONDS GROUP  
LONDON • MELBOURNE • MONTREAL • PARIS • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES

## Now it can be told..

*Many of the Heinz Varieties that you could not get for so long have been on Service with the Forces. Here is a list of what they have had, and, knowing Heinz quality, you can judge what has been done to keep them "fighting fit":*

### SELF-HEATING CANS

of Kidney Soup, Cream of Green Pea Soup, Mock Turtle Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Oxtail Soup, Cream of Chicken Soup, Cocoa Milk, Malt Milk.

### DEHYDRATED VEGETABLES

Potato, Carrot, Cabbage.

### OTHER VARIETIES

Baked Beans — Tomato Soup — Celery Soup — Minced Beef and Vegetables — Savoury Rice and Sausages — Corned Beef Hash — Stewed Steak — Canned Mutton — Pork and Vegetables — Beef Stew — Boiled Beef, Carrots and Dumplings — Meat and Vegetable Ration — Steak and Kidney Pudding — Mutton Broth — Treacle Pudding — Mixed Fruit Pudding — Marmalade Pudding — Rice Pudding — Sultana Pudding — Date Pudding — Vegetable Salad — Sausages — Chicken and Ham Paste — Spaghetti — Coffee.

# HEINZ



# 57



*Always ready to serve*

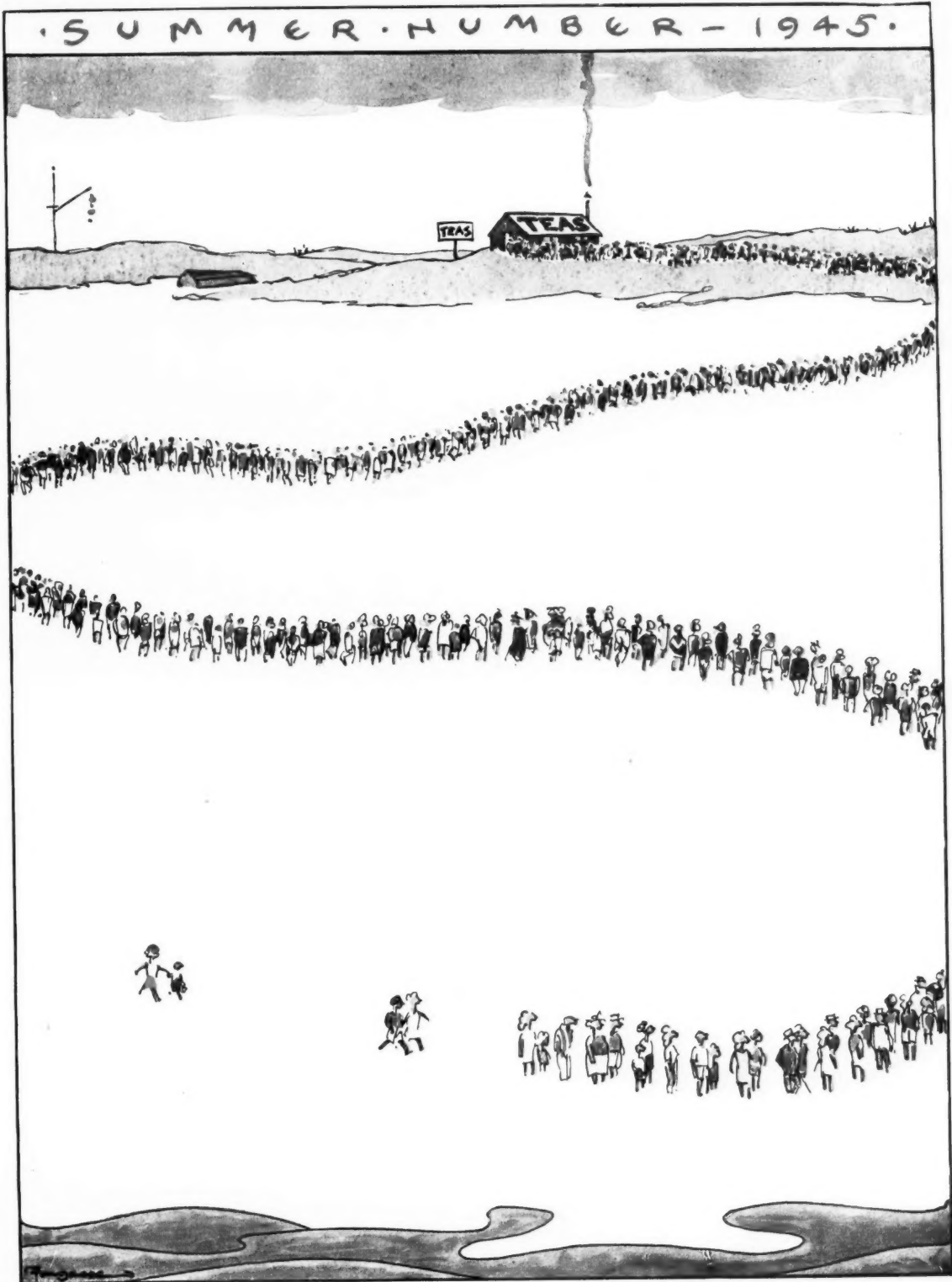


When there's a rush on the refreshments, the popular partner is the one who wins through to the Weston biscuits! They taste so good, and they renew the energy used up on duty — and off! Made from the finest ingredients obtainable, blended by experts, and baked in the Weston way, they are as delicious as they are nourishing. A favourite choice to-day is Weston Rich Digestive, 1/4d. a pound.

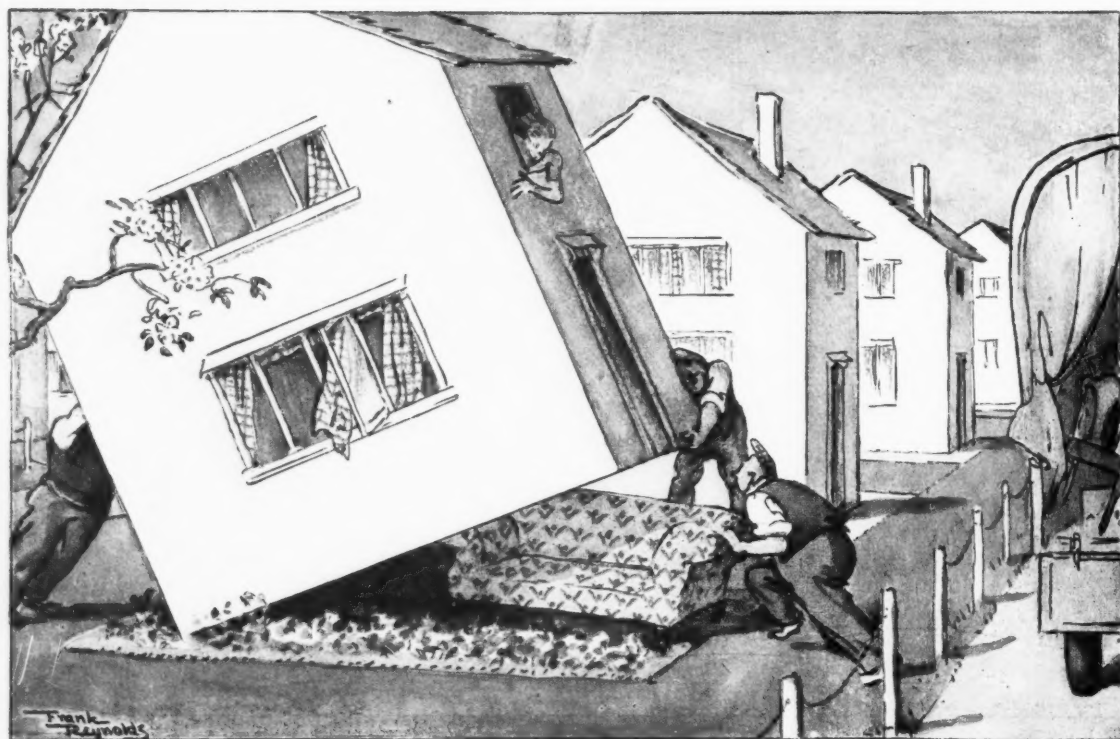
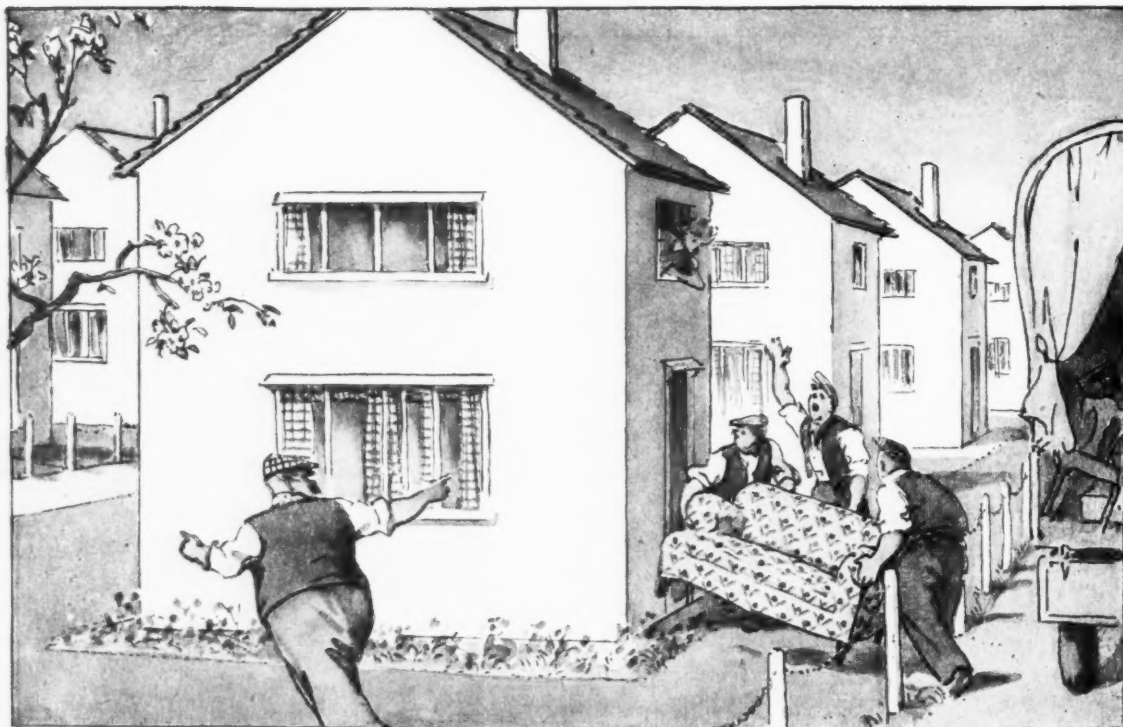
# Weston

ALL THAT'S BEST IN BISCUITS





THE UNCHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN





"... and here's 'How to Make Friends with Animals,' which I'm returning."





"I hope you've noticed we've followed your suggestion about shifting the hat-stand, Mr. Crabtree?"

## The Phoney Phleet

H.M.S. "Something Mary"

COMMANDER PARCEL late in life  
Married a nicely-brought-up wife:  
She listened well, drank nothing and had money.  
Perfect in fact in all respects,  
Void of the usual defects,  
Mary was unadulterated honey.

Obedient to his every whim  
She only asked one thing of him,  
One tiny thing—that he should give up swearing.  
But though he gladly made the pact—  
It seemed so little to exact—  
After a time he found it more than wearing.

Debarred from blasting people's eyes,  
He was compelled to improvise  
Anæmic little expurgated versions.  
At times the strain was too acute;  
He'd stand there, apoplectic, mute  
And paralysed with unexpressed aspersions.

He had bad luck. In Bongo Bay  
He let the *Schnitzler* get away,  
Losing an opportunity of ramming.  
Just as he was about to close  
Some zany trampled on his toes  
And Parcel had a stroke from dammed-up damning.

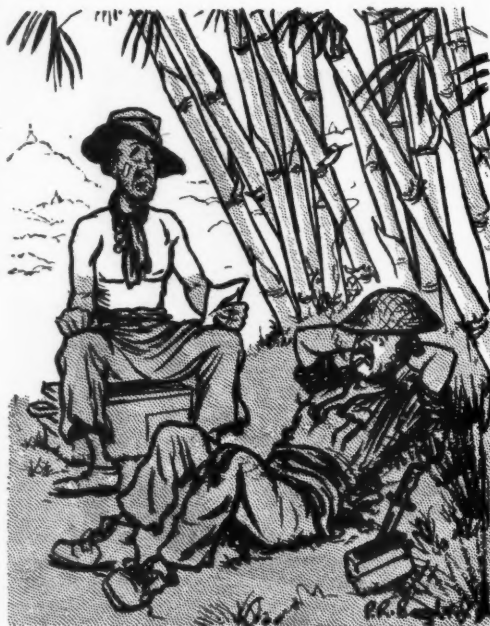
They put him down a rank for that,  
Taking the oak-leaves off his hat.  
Then, next, he hit an iceberg without warning.  
They said he should have turned. In fact  
He couldn't see or think or act—  
He'd lost his only collar-stud that morning.

So it went on, this upright man  
Maintaining an unnatural ban  
Which dragged him down in swift successive stages,  
Until at forty-three or four  
He was a midshipman once more,  
Solely because he hadn't sworn for ages.

A Snotty! *Snotty* Parcel now!  
There was a fundamental row  
When Mary heard this vulgar designation:  
She, who abhorred the palest curse,  
Actually married to far, far worse!  
She sued at once for legal separation.

This news drove poor old Parcel mad.  
It's more than usually sad  
Because he's lost his memory in addition.  
Now that he's free to swear all day  
He can't remember what to say  
Nor, on *his* pay, can he afford tuition.

He's bought himself an ancient boat,  
Painted her with a blood-red coat  
And, *pro tem.*, christened her the *Something Mary*.  
He's sailing, he says, to a distant sea  
In search of his something vocabuladaree  
And won't come back. Once bitten, twice something wary.



"She says: 'Do send me a picture of yourself in your lovely green uniform, so that I can think of you as you really are.'"

## Our War-Time Query Corner

Ask Evangeline!

**Q.** Can you tell us where the men-holes (?) are situated in prefabricated houses, as our present manhole is immediately over the bath and my sister and I have promised each other we will not move into another home similarly planned, our reason being that the mounting of a pair of closed step-ladders in so concave a receptacle as a bath every time we want to look at the tank is often a quite unnerving undertaking as the steps tend to skate about on the glossy bath bottom. Only two days ago Clorinda tripped with such violence that a gas-bracket was wrenched out of the wall, and, had she not first clung to the shower nozzle and then saved herself on father's shaving strop, an old and valued towel-horse of ours would almost certainly have been smashed to matchwood.

(Miss) ZENA BRACEGIRDLE.

**A.** I am surprised that grown women should indulge in such antics for the furtherance of an activity so frivolous as the periodic watching of a perfectly static water-tank. Surely a large clear photograph would serve the purpose better than these hare-brained escapades which you describe. However, your query is receiving attention, though at present prefabricated houses resemble ghosts in that one seldom meets with anyone who has actually seen them.

**Q.** A highly-principled lady of my acquaintance named Mrs. Poop, though one of the present Government's keenest supporters in fuel-saving and in restricting the use of the telephone (she makes it her business playfully to turn off any gas or electricity she sees burning unnecessarily in friends' houses, and claims to have got one hundred and nineteen persons out of telephone kiosks without having put through their calls) has yet never felt she could endorse the P.M.G.'s policy in increasing letter postage charges to 2½d., and as a gesture of disapproval has continued sending letters stamped at the old rate. This means an excess payment of 2d.—no light burden for those like myself who are sent a chapter of her nature journal bi-weekly. Is there anything one can say?

VIOLET E. TWITTERHORN.

**A.** You might quote the case of a

similar purist who makes a point of writing "Please Forward" on letters and sending them to two or three intermediary addresses first, thus getting rather more than double the value for each 2½d. stamp.

**Q.** I am an art-loving tripe-dresser that has been tossed from furnished room to furnished room and is now on the look-out for a wee unfurnished apartment. I wouldn't mind how tiny if I could feel secure from interruption just for a little while occasionally if I felt I wanted to express my ego in free association wall drawings, so what do I do?

FLOTSAMA.

**A.** If spaciousness and length of tenancy are in themselves no object, why not take a season ticket at your public baths and enjoy the privacy of a dressing cubicle? Alternatively, if you could tear yourself away from the tripe, you might try for a job as lady-watchman, as this would entail part-time possession of well-ventilated shelters, complete with seat and old-world heating arrangement.

**Q.** Ours being a district of post-pliocene deposits, am I right to assume that in continuing digging beneath my floral clock I shall eventually reach coal? I have been criticized.

CHESHIRE GENTLEMAN.

**A.** Your assumption is correct, so I dare say the criticism you mention springs either from petty jealousy or from anxiety on the part of neighbours. Some people are easily unnerved if they think others are excavating beneath their homes; however, it is a case of *chacun pour soi* these days, though it seems a pity you did not think of hacking up the floors in your downstairs rooms and carrying on mining operations indoors where you could do so unobserved. This of course might still be done successfully if you first filled in your floral clock as a blind. Your major problem then will be disposal of the soil brought up, but this need be no worry if you make a practice of carrying a dozen basket-fuls each evening after dusk to some remote district of your town and flinging the contents over garden walls

and railings, thus proving an anonymous benefactor to your townsfolk by providing them with quantities of top-soil gratis.

**Q.** It was an understood thing when we moved into this flat that we were to have full use of the Bunskip Operatics' stage properties in return for storing same, so for two years we have been very comfortable in a nice three-piece lounge setting from *No, No, Nanette*, but yesterday, by the secretary's orders, a van arrived and collected practically everything. As we have no sitting-room furniture of our own I'm sure I shall feel awful next week when my oldest girl's near-fiancé comes visiting us and we have to entertain him in either the attic scene from *La Bohème* or the condemned cell out of *Il Trovatore*.

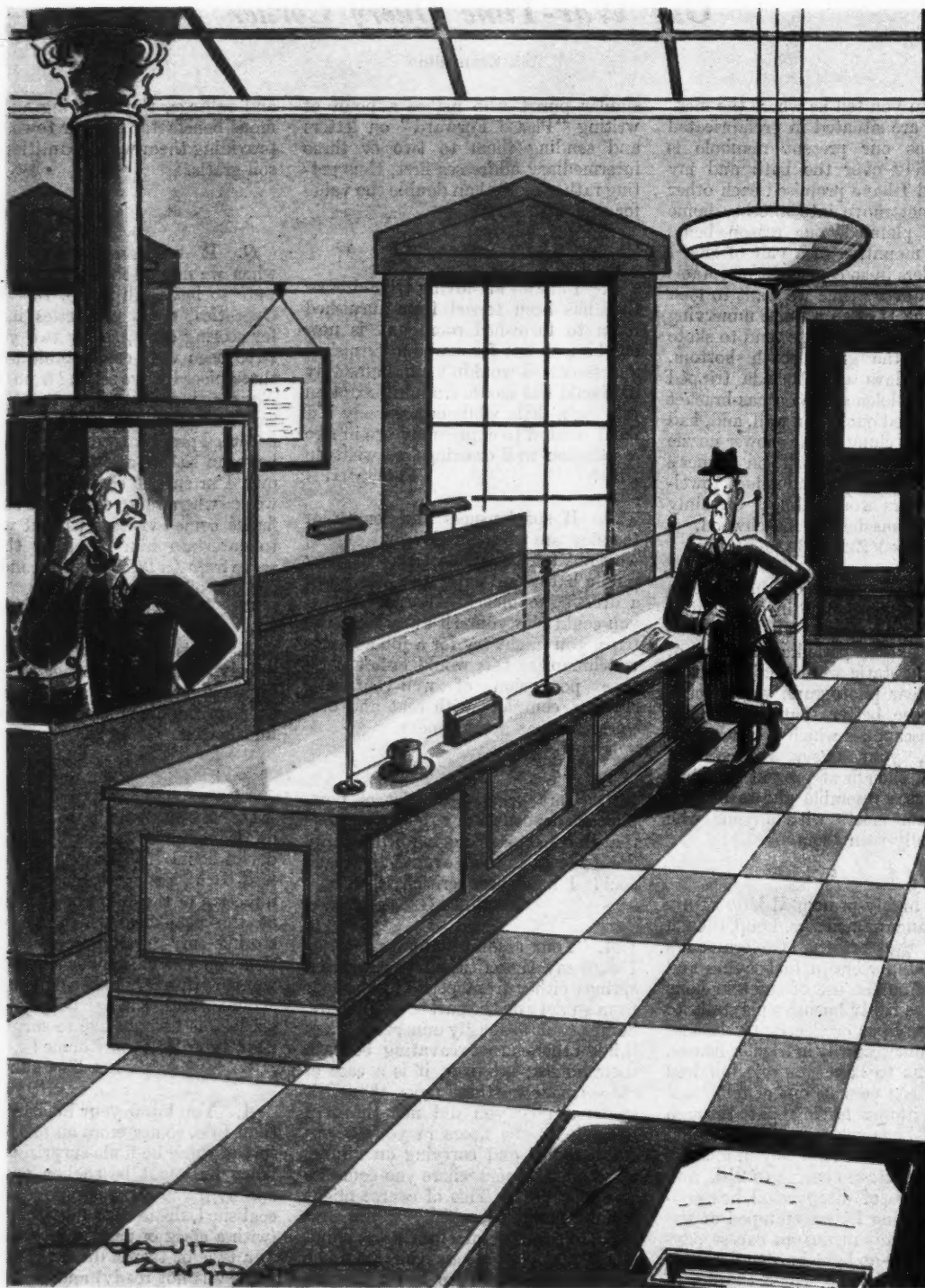
(Mrs.) CONNIE PELOW.

**A.** It is just a question of poise. A lady can always manage to give the impression that she is at home in whatever surroundings she may happen to find herself.

**Q.** My husband is so funny when on leave. He spends simply hours out-of-doors just leaning against the bird-bath gazing sometimes in the direction of the onion beds, sometimes at the coal-shed which we use for storing my grandparents' tandem. Can you tell me how a single-handed woman (former ballet-dancer) could achieve real spring beauty in the garden, as I would like to surprise him next time he comes home?

"NINA TUMBELOVA."

**A.** You know your husband better than I do, so are more *au fait* with the sort of thing he finds surprising, but I fancy he might be shaken out of his apathy if you came popping out of the coal-shed, dressed as Botticelli's *Flora* (with a sprig of parsley in the mouth; or a twig or two of dried thyme if the parsley is not ready) and performed a number of rapid arabesques up and down the onion rows. Or what about that rather lovely *pas de deux* from *Sylphides*? You could use the bird-bath as dummy partner.



*"Says his account is with your branch and wants to borrow a fiver here. Five foot seven and a half, hair greying at temples, blue pin-stripe suit, brown shoes, birthmark left temple, faintly bored air."*





## British Criminals

(With apologies to "Britain in Pictures")

THE story of British Crime begins with the introduction of the alphabet by the Phœnicians, resulting indirectly in the growth and diffusion of technical knowledge and directly in the development of forgery. Although we cannot but believe that crime in earlier periods reached a high pitch of skill and diversity, there is



A Coiner in his Den

no archaeological evidence of the forms which it took, since Spurrier's attempt to claim all extant stone and bronze tools as jemmies has not found general acceptance among scholars. The Roman Conquest brought Britain into close touch with Continental developments: Mucius Murellius led the way in Criminal Libel, though by later standards his work was careless and open to serious criticism in detail, while the prefect Rubanus imported a Syrian apparatus for garrotting and P. Emilius Vasto, bringing years of experience in foreign cemeteries, snatched bodies with a smoothness and rapidity that have seldom, if ever, been surpassed.

The Dark Ages which followed the Roman withdrawal add few characters to our pageant, the distinction between criminal and other acts being somewhat blurred and the incentive to excel being correspondingly lacking. A notable exception to the general level of mediocrity was the Lady Elfwig of Chiswick (late Saxon), whose beautifully designed skeleton keys are to be found in many collections; she also wrote a rhymed manual of Simony, now lost.

During the Middle Ages British Crime, though vital and abundant, was crude compared with the work of Italian and French criminals, and in this short survey of a wide field can be only cursorily dealt with. Among

the Primitives of special interest are John the Weaver (11th cent. *passim*), Hugh of Westminster (temp. Hen. III) and Mordred the Werewolf (1343-1508). With the Renaissance, Continental methods were introduced, fertilizing and refining the vigorous native tradition. Antonio Spaldini, a native of Venice, popularized the use of time-fuses in arson. A pupil of Spaldini, Nicholas Dummett, reduced the number of cards used in Spot the Lady from eighteen to three. By the reign of Elizabeth British criminals were no whit inferior to those of other lands and the London fences, among whom Sir Thomas Poston was pre-eminent, rivalled those of Amsterdam and Bremen.

In the seventeenth century Obadiah Jones gained an unrivalled mastery of barratry in all its forms, a crime of increasing importance with the development of British maritime supremacy. The foundation of the Royal Society and the consequent impetus to the study of pure and applied science were reflected in an increasing attention to the theory as well as the practice of crime. John Hoggling (1600-16?3) wrote "A Short Way with Portals" under the pseudonym Pythagoras Junior. Samuel, fourth Baron Brangham, is the reputed discoverer of Ringing the Changes, though there are other claimants, and a reference in Pliny may refer to it. By the early eighteenth century English highwaymen were the bane and boast of



Portrait of Scottish Child Stealer

travellers, many gaining a European reputation; but we must not overlook the fact that the performance of Englishmen in other branches of crime, if less celebrated, was no less outstanding. Saul Halliburton (1700 *seq.*) first introduced the method of cutting glass from windows by the use of brown paper spread with treacle. The attempts

by Sarah Pringle to popularize the use of other preserves were a failure.

A marked feature of this time was the transition from the domestic to the factory system in industry, and the diary of Septimus Thwaite, D.D., gives a vivid picture of life in a Thieves' Kitchen. "The apartment," he says, "was 32 ft. 3 ins. in length and 18 ft. in width. The height was 9 ft. 3 ins., somewhat greater than that in any similar establishment I had visited. The number of persons varied between thirty-one and twenty-four." By the early nineteenth century the inventive genius of the English people was in full flood. Dr. Habbakuk Crole (?-?) devised an ingenious method of introducing antimony into peaches, but it never gained wide popularity owing to the expense of the apparatus required. The sisters Euphemia and Lavinia Possett (Flor. circ. 1810) originated the modern form of Confidence Trick, substituting a wallet for the previously used valise. Hector Vaughan, known as The Modern Autolycus, was the first pickpocket to wear gloves

favourites never lost their lead, many of the more enterprising criminals preferred to try fresh paths. Continued experiment and refusal to be satisfied with outworn methods characterized British crime, reflecting in this the optimism and energy which marked all sections of society under the influence of a rapidly expanding export trade and the triumph in economic doctrine of the Manchester School. There is, unfortunately, space to mention only



*Garotters Carousing*

for professional purposes. He is buried at Stoke-on-Trent. Old Tom of Sarum trained retrievers to enter houses by the upper windows and abstract articles of value, but his secret died with him. With the development of the Industrial Revolution sheep-stealing became almost confined to remote and mountainous areas; owing, however, to the growth of tourist traffic stimulated by the Romantic Movement (Lyrical Ballads, 1798) the risk of interruption acted as a serious deterrent.

The increased complexity of commercial operations after the Napoleonic Wars led many English criminals to turn their attention to embezzlement, which, for a time, almost eclipsed Robbery from the Person in popularity, although the Twickenham Lily led a short-lived vogue for assault by boomerang, influenced by fashionable interest in the recently-discovered Australasia. The consolidation and amendment of the Criminal Law in Victorian times, due largely to the inspiration of Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832) made new crimes available, and although the old



*A Female Poisoner at her Toilet*

one of the Victorian giants, "Professor" Hatch (1838-1891), whose enormous range stretched from Cat-stealing to Fraudulent Conversion.

With the development of new techniques, division of labour increasingly replaced the versatility of the older type of craftsman. Symptomatic of the specialization of the twentieth century is "Gentleman" Willoughby (1885-1933), who strictly confined himself to kidnapping twins. The developments in physical science, which are perhaps the most striking feature of the last fifty years, did not go unmarked by British criminals, no account of whom would be complete without a reference to Walter and William



*Birthplace of the Inventor of the Jemmy*

Vincent, who, in the face of appalling difficulties, devoted their lives to the application of the Theory of Relativity to crime, though their early demise prevented the completion of their researches. Of the future it is too early to speak, but we may be assured that, whatever the vicissitudes through which we pass, British criminals will equal and perhaps surpass the achievements of their predecessors,

*If England to itself do rest but true—Shaks.*



## Fly Fishing

SOMETHING must be done about fishing. I accept (unlike all foreigners) that the actual catching of the fish must be made as difficult as possible. No mad Englishman would wish anything else. I am not so barbarous as to suggest that someone should invent a gut so fine as to be invisible and yet so strong as to be unbreakable. Nor do I suggest that anyone should tamper with those irritating bushes and overhanging trees which serve only to act as a magnet to my fly. I accept that they have a very real justification. They prevent me, a novice, from reaching those pools favoured by the bigger trout—trout which should justly be reserved for my host, an expert. Not that I catch even the lesser trout, but I might conceivably do so from time to time if I were not so busy disentangling my cast from the bushes. And that would never do. I cause enough distress to my host as it is, by *frightening* so many of them.

No, I am not suggesting anything so sacrilegious as to make fishing easier. I don't ask for marled pitches or laws against bodyline or such pandering to modern degeneracy, but I do think that fishing might be stripped of some of its unnecessary attendant discomforts. I have attempted to catch fish both on Hampshire chalk streams and on Scottish lochs, the latter most appropriately being called wet-fly fishing.

The former is infinitely preferable, because you can always leave off when you want to, and walk about or sit down and gaze at the water and do

nothing, quite independently of your host. In fact so long as you keep out of his way you can't go far wrong. Why then can this sort of fishing only be done on those streams where, and at that season and time of day when, the midges are in the ascendant? No direct counter-attacks, no evasive action, no smoke-screens, no chemical warfare can stem their infiltration tactics. Could not these midges be made a subject of research for our Backroom Boys after the war? They should easily be able to invent a really effective midge-repellant, or alternatively, a method of stocking, with lively rising trout, streams that are not midgebound.

Wet-fly fishing is a very different process. It is true that you sometimes get a serene sunny cloudless morning without a breath of breeze or a ripple on the water. It is good to be alive; you feel well and contented; the hills are blue and God's in His heaven. Unfortunately the fish are not in the loch. Not on that sort of morning. Or if they are, they are too deep down, beyond even the depth to which I unskilfully allow my dropper to sink. Even if some young foolish fish were to be playing about near the boat, he would be able to follow my every movement and chuckle at my tangles.

The more usual sort of day is grey and rainy, with a wind that cuts through you as soon as you get out on to the loch. On such a day even a novice may sometimes catch a fish; but at what a cost! Your host is probably fairly well waterproofed, but

you are soaked through and through, boots, breeches and all, long before you are embarked, and given the sodden seat at the thick end of the boat, and the privilege of casting over your right shoulder on the first drift.

After your host has caught a nice-sized fish he will insist on your changing places with him to change your luck, but strangely the fish will move round with him. As the morning wears on your patience wears out. Your casting becomes more and more like the short and desperate lunges of an infuriated bull. You flick your flies off in a manner which suggests that no knot on earth would hold them. You catch your hat, your host's shoulder, even the boat; and then, as a final insult, when you are not casting at all, but have idly let your flies rest on the water while you rearrange your aching limbs, your dropper is taken by a sizeable trout. The line is of course slack and the fish is no sooner on than off.

By now you are shivering and miserable and can bear the cold wetness of your seat no longer. Yet your host breathes no word of the lunch bag which is nestling in a dry cosy little shelter on the bank. Not even the whisky flask is in the boat. On and on your host casts untiringly, rhythmically, gracefully, maddeningly—lovely long straight casts, whatever the gustiness of the wind. Will you ever be warm again? How will you ever last till lunch-time, let alone all through the afternoon?

Can't fishing be dissociated from this agony? If not, there is only one thing for it, as far as I am concerned—the Thames on a sunny afternoon, a camp stool and a stout bamboo rod.

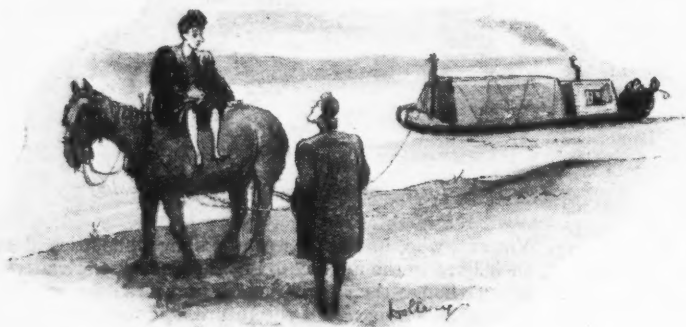
"We have gentles in a horn,  
We have paste and worms too."

It may not be very high-class fishing, but

"If the sun's excessive heat  
Makes our bodies swelter  
To an osier hedge we get  
For a friendly shelter . . .

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
Under a green willow,  
That defends us from a shower,  
Making earth our pillow."

Then, and then only, with Chalkhill and Walton I shall fall "more and more in love with angling."



"My dear, we had to take the job to get the house."



*"... Now you SHOULD have been here during the flying bombs ..."*

## Concord

"AND then," says C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe, "when I reproves him he swung at me."

"Swung at you?"

"Yes. If the Buffer hadn't of caught him he'd of struck me."

I look at C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe and find it in my heart to regret the Buffer's promptitude. I reflect that possibly what C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe needs is a clip on the jaw. I cluck my teeth with sympathy but realize that this is not enough. C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe wants action. I am, however, saved from this by the arrival of Major Podworthy.

"Very pleased to see you, Major," I say with truth.

"It won't be a frightful nuisance to show me round?"

"Not at all," I say. "Excuse me, Chief."

I then begin, waving my hand. "This is the Wireless Office."

"Ah, yes."

Major Podworthy bends so low over the nearest set that his moustache almost touches it. I begin to feel disturbed. Is Major Podworthy going to be one of those technical chaps? Is he not going to be satisfied with the *tout ensemble*?

"Nice little set," he says.

"Oh, yes."

"And what's *this* exactly?"

He is, then. Technically interested. I peer forward and he is pointing at a knob marked L.F. Gain.

"That," I say, "is the L.F. Gain."

I turn to find that C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe has followed us. He is standing behind me with an expressionless face, yet he is stating, so clearly, that anyone who comes into the Wireless Office is his responsibility.

"This is C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe," I say.

Major Podworthy looks round and smiles vaguely.

"What does it do?" he asks.

"The L.F. Gain?"

"Yes?"

Will C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe spring into the breach? Will he help me out? Does he intend the Major to find me ignorant? He will not: he does. He remains there, mute. Out of the corner of my eye I see Leading Tel. Mopp with a screwdriver in his hand.

"Oh, Mopp," I say, "would your mind running over the set for this officer?"

"Certainly, sir."

Mopp, I know, will be technical. Harmonics, voltage stabilizers, band-spread superhets. Mopp knows them

all. I see the light in his eye: I see him lifting the lid of the set.

"The L.F. Gain," I hear him say, "limits the triode section of the valve . . ."

"Ah, yes."

"—controlling thus the local oscillation on C.W."

"Indeed?" says Major Podworthy.

I breathe again and withdraw, taking C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe with me.

"Now," I say.

"What it boils down to is this," says C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe. "Is the Chief Yeoman right or wrong in playing the harmonica after pipe-down? That's the point. And if he's wrong I want an apology."

"For swinging at you?"

"Yes," says C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe.

I say I will look into the matter. Leading Tel. Mopp is now very busy inside the lid and Major Podworthy's face is inside the lid too.

"Neat," I hear him say. "Dashed neat!"

The Chief Yeoman is on the bridge. His eye is rather bloodshot this morning, but then it often is. I allow him to finish the morning exercise with the flagship when, having been the first to hoist the date of accession of King George VI, a pierced flag and the name of Nelson's Signal Bosun, he comes over rubbing his hands. He is a small ginger-haired man of fifty: he is jaunty and wears gym shoes.

"Well, Chief," I say, "how goes it?"

"Lovely, sir. Beat the lot this morning. . . . Moore, don't you know the 'ead from the tack, boy? . . . Yes, sir, I think we showed 'em."

I pick my words carefully and begin.

"I've just been talking to Crabbe," I say.

"Oh, yes, sir?"

The Chief Yeoman stares at the sky and removes a very short cigarette with two fingers.

"He tells me there was a bit of trouble last night."

"Just a bit of a shine, sir." He adds generously: "I don't 'old it against 'im though."

"Oh, Chiefie," says Leading Signalman Frost, coming up with a signal pad, "can you settle this small point at issue? I maintain that, in this situation, when the fleet has turned 180 degrees, the guide of the fleet remains the same."

The Chief Yeoman's eyes narrow.

"It what?"

"The guide remains the same. Definitely."

"Yus?"

Even Leading Signalman Frost's immaculate voice falters.

"After the turn," he whispers.

"Cor!"

The Chief Yeoman clutches his red hair. "Cor," he says. "I ask you! How long you bin in the Navy?" he says.

"But, surely . . . I mean, it stands to reason, Chiefie."

The Chief Yeoman whips out a pencil from behind his ear. In the twinkling of an eye he has drawn a number of sardines on the signal pad, decorated one with a flag, moved back some stained cups of tea, and thumped down the Fleet Signal Book on top of it.

"Section 9," he says. "Read it. That's all. Just read it."

To save Leading Signalman Frost the trouble he then recites the article in full and asks why them halyards are slack. He does not of course like Leading Signalman Frost. Frost is writing a novel about his soul-journey and has some severe things about the Chief Yeoman in it.

"The trouble is, sir," he says, giving me his attention again, "that me and Chief won't ever agree about anything in a million years."

"He seems to think you should apologize."

"Me? Apologize?" The Chief Yeoman is triumphant. "There you are, sir! That proves it, don't it?"

I retire from the bridge and reflect that perhaps I will not go back to the Wireless Office. I decide that it will be better to talk to Crabbe to-morrow. In a few moments, however, there is a knock at the cabin door and C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe is standing there.

"Well, sir?" he says.

"I have seen the Chief Yeoman," I say carefully, "and, quite frankly, I consider you have exaggerated the issue."

"He swung at me," says Crabbe. "You can't get away from it. He swung at me."

I begin a few words on give-and-take, then switch to the forthcoming exercise. Crabbe says, Is there an exercise? He didn't know. The trouble is, he is kept in the dark. He isn't informed. He gets no information; that's how it's always been.

That evening the exercise orders arrive and, as usual, are obscure. This is a pity, because if I interpret them one



way, C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe always takes the opposite view.

"No, no, sir," he says. "This is what they mean . . . it stands to reason."

All is at peace when I arrive in the Coding Office. The Chief Yeoman is sitting on a box reading *Love the Dreamer*, three coders are writing airgraphs, Leading Signalman Frost is continuing his soul-journey and C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe is puffing at his pipe.

"Here are the orders, Chief," I say brightly.

He takes them and turns the pages, patronizing them. Occasionally he laughs at them and shakes his head.

"That's all very well," he begins, "but how can I set watch on all these frequencies? I haven't the ratings."

More is about to follow when Coder Sime looks up and says: "Hey, Proff, what's a mangel?"

Leading Coder Moppe-West, who is a chess blue, does not look up. He prides himself on getting two thousand words on an airgraph.

"A beet," he says.

"Can you eat it?"

"Mangel is yellow," says Leading Signalman Frost, looking round from the soul-journey. "You don't eat mangel. You feed mangel to the swine."

Sime considers this. I have the impression that he would like to ask C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe to have a mangel, but has not the courage. Crabbe has been diverted from the exercise orders. He is listening: aloof and god-like, but listening.

"I'll bet the Russians could eat it," says Sime.

"It is possible," says Moppe-West gravely, "for the human organism to digest snails, cats, nettles, snakes and dandelions."

"I'll say," says Sime. "Look at our dinner to-night."

"In any case," says Frost. "What have the Russians to do with it?"

The Chief Yeoman shuts *Love the Dreamer*.

"The Russians helped us win, din they?" he demands.

"Yes, but . . ."

"Din they?" says the Chief Yeoman.

"My own impression," says Frost, "is that they have been definitely overrated."

"Listen," says the Chief Yeoman. "Listen to that! Suppose you was at Stalingrad, my lad?"

"I wasn't," says Frost.

"Well, let me tell you, Russia's all right. Russia's a very nice place. That vodka. That's a drop of very nice stuff, that is."

"Drink!" says Frost.

"What's wrong with drink?"

## The Merchant Navy Men

THEY know no ease, the Merchant Navy men, Not home, with the good day done,

But the high gale and the steep sea,

The searing of cold and of sun; Voyage end, and voyage begun.

They may not rest; they wait in the dusk, the dawn,

The flash and the tearing of steel, The ice-wrap of the cold wave, The cinders of thirst in the throat And madness that sits in the boat.

They know no help, they see these things alone;

No uniform, linking in pride, Nor the hard hand and the straight brace

Of discipline holding upright, But their own soul in the night.

They claim no gain, the Merchant Navy men;

A wage, and the lot of the sea, The job done, and their fair name, And peace at the end of their way. They give; must we not repay?

Punch Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



Hollowood

"Gosh, won't it be wonderful to get back into the inter-war years again!"

Frost adds a full stop to the soul-journey.

"I have never touched alcohol in my life," he says.

"Cor!" says the Chief Yeoman. "Not a drop in his life. No wonder," he says. "Look at 'im. You'll be saying they ought to be stopping our tot next."

This is the gauntlet thrown down. Leading Signalman Frost rises with dignity and extracts a signal that has been hanging in the container for twenty minutes.

"The Navy would be very much better without it," he says.

There is silence: the very air vibrates. "Stop our tot?" says C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe.

"No up-spirits?" says the Chief Yeoman.

"Having a milk bar like the Yanks?" says C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe.

"That's right, Chief. And ice-cream and all," says the Chief Yeoman.

Leading Signalman Frost is shaken but firm.

"Yes," he says.

"Strike a light!" says the Chief Yeoman. "Listen to that, Chief."

"I heard," says C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe grimly. "Now listen here, Frost, how long you bin in the Navy?"

"Two years."

"And he wants to take our tot away."

"Remember when we was boys at Pompey, Chiefie? Din hear talk like that then, eh?"

"We didn't."

"Them was the days, eh?"

"Now listen here, Frost," begins C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe, "if you think as how you're going to take our tot away, you've dam well got to give us a reason."

"Yes," says the Chief Yeoman. "Give a reason."

But at this point I take the exercise orders and gently steal away. After all, someone must go to the wall. And why not Frost? I begin to feel what a frightful thing it would be if C.P.O. Tel. Crabbe and the Chief Yeoman agreed more often.

"Cor!" I say.

And I go below and sign for a nice strong tot.

o o

### So What?

"Cranbrook School athletics master points out that the school has been beaten since 1938."—*Sunday paper*.

o o

"EVENING SHOES, size 6 . . . £1 pair; not very comfortable."—*Advt. in "Times"*.

No use—you can't stop *somebody* from making an offer.

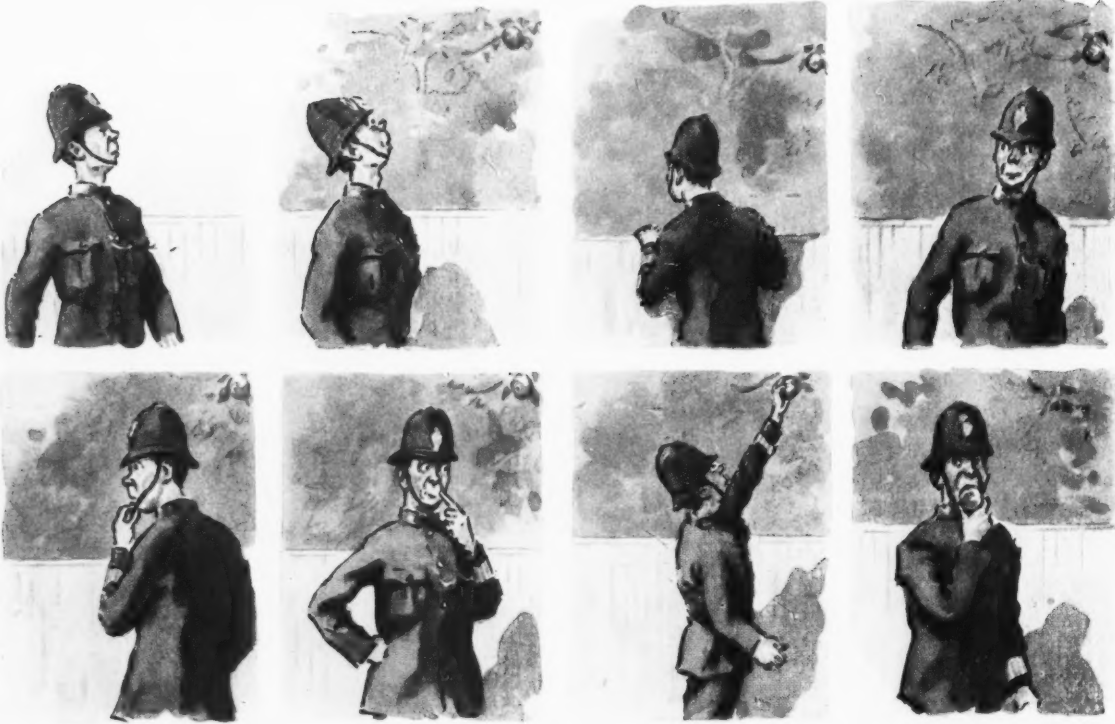


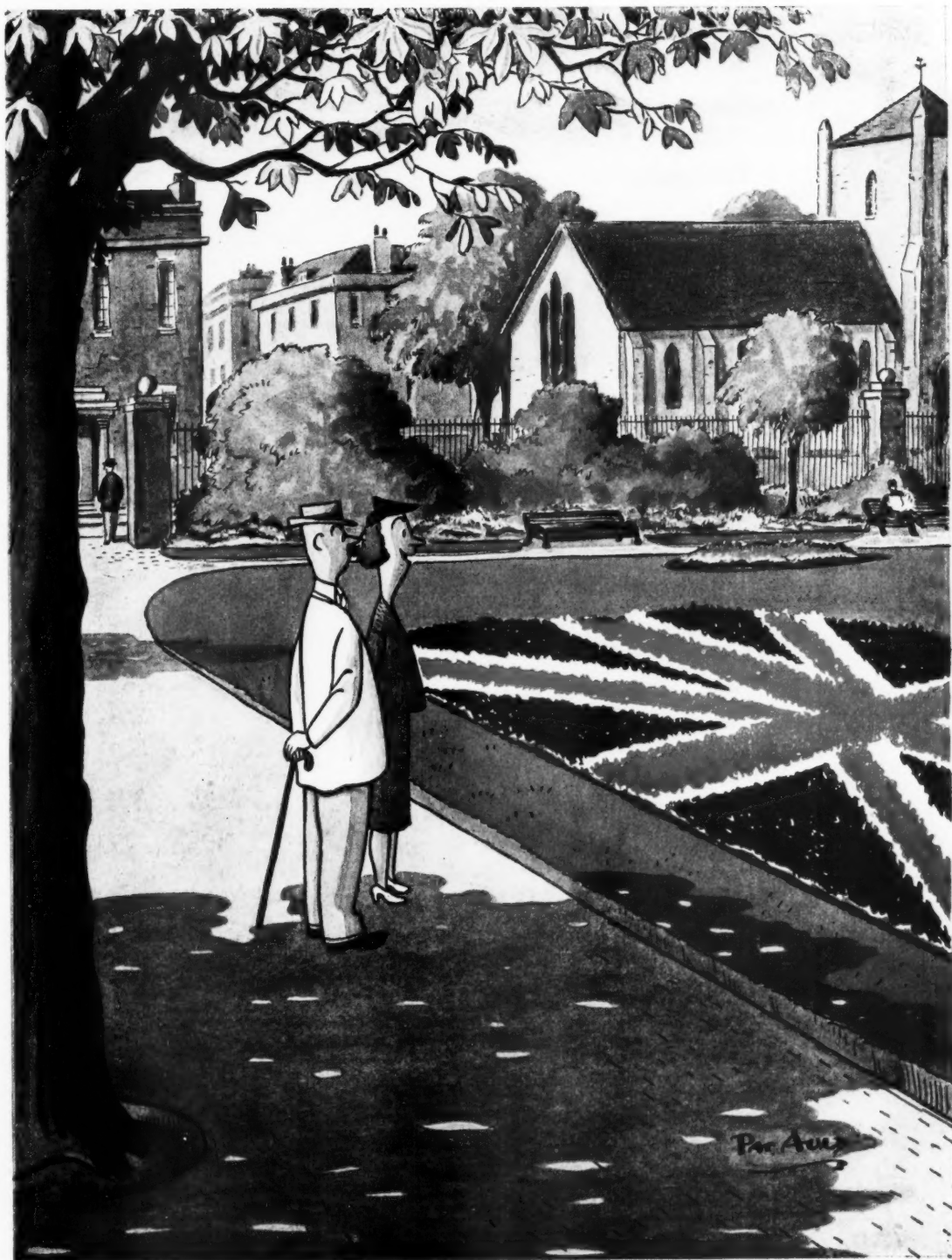
*"Oh, yes, down here we're ALWAYS ready to embrace a new idea."*



*"Lower Midthorpe? Over the hedge, turn left by the site for the new college, follow what will be the new motor road, and it's half-way along the second suggested boulevard on the left in the proposed new satellite."*







*"Fancy them happening to grow like that!"*



*"Aye, the Afternoon Slow is ALWAYS an 'elp with Top Meadow."*





## Toller Applies

To Captain Fettle, Becher's Farm,  
Bridle-Ho

SIR,—My experience of hunting, the importance of which I had not realized in answering your advertisement for a post-war pupil farmer, is chiefly confined to harrier work, except for one period with the regiment in England when we were commanded by a cavalry colonel, I in this way learning the correct method of wearing breeches and riding-boots and even how to tie a stock as well as amassing a store of hunting anecdotes; the regiment then by coincidence moving near a well-known pack when hunting officers were granted a free day to attend by the colonel, who stood proudly on the hotel steps to see us go, my own mount for some reason entering a shop in the main street and attempting to eat a roll of cloth, subsequently taking me home to its stable so that I missed the actual excitement of the chase.

Although not long in duration, my experience of beagle work includes an afternoon as whipper-in, I being invited to take over this duty my first day out with the pack on the recommendation of a friend who kindly lent me a stock, some white breeches and a velvet skull cap and introduced me as a keen huntsman, a position I was eager to maintain in the eyes of a typist named Sugar Dipsworth, so that I immediately cracked my whip at a small hound wasting time in making friends with a sheep, letting out a hunting cry and calling "Come on, you silly dog"—unfortunately flicking Sugar on the ankle and in addition being taken aside by this typist who revealed that the hound in question was named Pansy and was in reality a bitch puppy on her second time out and thus could not be expected to be up to my hunting standards; further words being cut short as the hunt was on.

Almost immediately I was singled out for the honour of running to the summit of a neighbouring hill, the exact purpose of which I unfortunately in the heat of the chase failed to inquire, but deciding it was to observe if any hares should be hiding the far side and with this idea descending the reverse slope kicking tufts of grass and occasionally saying "Yoicks" so that my back was towards the ridge and I omitted to observe till the last moment a hare sneaking away from the hunt

in my direction; I attempting to atone with a rugby tackle at the creature and chasing it for some time, fortunately still being in full cry as the hunt came over the ridge and I was able to hand over with the knowledge that Sugar Dipsworth had seen me in no mean light, this girl being dressed in plum-coloured corduroys and being apparently overcome at my prowess since she avoided my eye and fled past like Atalanta with the object of showing off her figure.

There was, however, no opportunity for rest as the hare had entered a plantation of small firs and all hands were required to assist operations, hounds becoming confused with rabbit trails and the hare popping out on to rides and back again and whippers-in being consequently on their mettle although at this time I was myself handicapped at a crucial moment by the thong of my whip wrapping round a tree during what I had intended to be an impressive crack in the sight of Miss Dipsworth, so that the hare apparently sneaked behind my back, a small boy giving the "View Hullo" and the Master asking me where it had gone and the small boy saying it had gone between my legs, thus lowering my reputation which I endeavoured to raise by myself giving the "View Hullo" and dashing forward and cracking my whip and pretending it had gone down a near-by hole and escaped; the confusion being meanwhile increased by the blowing of a hunting horn, shouts from the far side of the wood on the subject of an entirely new hare and the continued pursuit of rabbits by the pack, with the exception of a whitish hound, which I noticed for the first time, attempting to climb a tree after a squirrel; this hound subsequently becoming my friend, I later learning he was in a low category of intelligence and quite unable to distinguish between trails, on one occasion following a trail with yelps of enthusiasm till it led back to his point of departure and turned out to be just made by himself.

During subsequent efforts to dislodge hounds from the wood, I came to a glade where the spring turf was struck with sunlight and the delicate green spikes of the firs appeared in sudden sharp beauty so that I composed on the spot a hunting ode commencing:

"In this spot of verdant green  
Hare nor huntsman are not seen,

Firs and cowslips silent grow  
And do not hear the 'View Hullo',"

the idea of this ode being a tribute to Sugar Dipsworth who was personified in the mention of

"Atalanta, ardent maid,  
Of thorns and brambles ne'er  
afraid,"

but unfortunately could not be presented at the time, as by the conclusion of the ode the hunt had left the wood and I was unable to find them, while she appeared subsequently awed by my performance on that afternoon and shrank into the protection of a salesman called Mr. Fenshaw, with whom she forsook the open air and attended *thé dansants* and skating rinks.

Owing to the return of the whipper-in for whom I had been acting, and the expulsion of my friend from the hunt for some reason productive of extreme mirth on his part, he saying it had been worth it ten times over and having presumably offended etiquette perhaps by coming out in the wrong sort of dress, I only attended casually after this auspicious beginning; when, however, I continued acquaintance with Gangster, the white-coloured hound, who was conscious of being on the Y-list and due for posting yet could be seen, after being lost many fields away, earnestly plodding back to rejoin his unit perhaps carrying a bit of stick he imagined might be useful or yelping information of a curious private sort—I also learnt a number of hunting expressions such as "We must pray for rain" which is a good remark for making to tyros, leading to their expression of surprise and an explanation of scent by the expert; learning also various hunting tricks such as the correct method of vaulting without breaking a watch, a pipe and bending a cigarette case, as occurred during one vault as whipper-in.

I am uncertain whether or not you include as hunting experience days spent roaming with a gun. I have done a certain amount of this as part of my Army duty, most recently in the Reichwald Forest when I have been reminded on occasion of woods in England at this time of year, which I would in exchange gladly visit as member of the most dashing hunt I might be required to join in my capacity of pupil farmer at Becher's.

Yours faithfully,

B.L.A.

J. TOLLER, Lt.



MOBILIZATION



DEMOBILIZATION

*See also*



## British Industries at War

### Plastics

(Mr. Punch's Special Reporter continues his tour of Industrial Britain at the Baekeland Hotel, Thurso.)

ANY one of our workers would rather lose a day's pay than hear a word of abuse levelled against the trade of Fellmongery." These words were spoken by a Mr. Samuel Tring, manager of the house of Carside and Pachet, fellmongers, before a Select Committee appointed by George IV to inquire into "The Present State of British Industry." I quote them in support of my contention that tradition is the most important asset of any industry. What do we mean by tradition? It is difficult to say. Tradition is something more than a reputation born of decades of forthright endeavour; something more than the unwritten code of ethics and business practice which is a concomitant of longevity. When tradition is in jeopardy men leap from their chairs in dark continents and rush instinctively to its succour. It recalls men from well-earned retirement. It makes men refuse all substitutes. It is the priceless heritage of industry. Fellmongery has it. So have:

Clay, sand, gravel and chalk pits  
Glues, gums and gelatine  
Fertilizers, dips and disinfectants  
Canal authorities and conservancy boards  
Brass and yellow metal goods  
Tin boxes, canisters and containers  
Saddlery, harness and other leather  
Harbours, docks, piers, etc., light-houses and  
Other industries and industries not stated.

But plastics has it not. This fact becomes clear to anyone with penetrating vision who visits Thurso. Apart from the Baekeland Hotel, not one tavern in Thurso is named after its second largest industry. In the homes of traditional trades names such as "The Jolly Potters," "The Coopers' Arms" and "The Forsters' Rest" are found at every street-corner. Even Bosworth (Lincs.) has its "Slag-notchers' Arms" and its "Puddler and Furnaceman." Yet in Thurso you either stay at the grandiose Baekeland or at some inn with a sign as neutral and irrelevant as the title of a modern novel. There is much to be derived from a study of the nomenclature of hostleries.

There are no monuments in Thurso to the memory of men who grew old in

the service of plastics, no common shrines, no beds that the captains and founders of plastics slept in. The industry is new, and its newness sits uneasily on the town like a first pair of long trousers. The workers are painfully aware of all this, but they have done little to improve matters.

Come with me to the humble cottage of a Derbyshire snuff-grinder. It is evening. Tom Clowes is finishing his meal. His schoolboy sons sit in an adoring circle at his feet. Mrs. Clowes looks nervously at her husband and speaks: "Tom, lad, there's summat I must tell thee an' tha'll not like it. Young Dennis, our first-born, is sayin' that he's a-not goin' to be no solicitor. He's a mind to follow his father to th' snuff-mill."

Tom Clowes pauses in the act of swallowing and reddens.

"So, it's come to this, eh! Seven generations o' Cloweses have served th' old mill. Isna seven enough, woman? I've set me mind on Denny goin' to solicitor Benson an' I'll have me way."

"But, Tom, lad, tha should think on th' lad's future. He'll fret until he's snuff-grindin', an' tha knows it. I reckon 'tis in his blood."

You see? Tradition. It crops up in practically every social novel. But the plastics workers' wives of Thurso have no deep roots in the district. To the locals they are "foreigners," a synthesis of shameful latin gaiety and shameless Hollywood infidelity. These women, by their lack of interest in formaldehyde and phenol, herald the doom of the matriarchal system in industry. It is all rather depressing.

However, tradition or no tradition, plastics are doing fine work to-day. The same parent material which in peace-time gave us fountain-pen barrels, umbrella handles and those peculiar little studs they used to put into shirts at the laundry is now a vital sinew of war. It has largely replaced timber for most purposes. On account of its freedom from revealing annular rings it is generally preferred for women's wooden legs. Quite apart from services to the nation's armament, plastics are helping to keep up morale. Buttons made of plastics may be had in a variety of colours.

We live in an age of substitute or "ersatz" products—Buna (synthetic rubber), Lanital (synthetic wool), Brideram (synthetic sausage-meat),

Wyre-wool (synthetic razor-blades) and Pypklena (synthetic hair-curlers) will occur readily to most readers. Plastics have long since passed the "ersatz" stage. They will go forward inexorably towards their destiny in spite of the feeble whinings of the decadent democ—(sorry!) anti-substitute fanatics.

I hope I shall not be accused of "vista-mongering" when I say that my dream of post-war London includes a new billiards saloon, built entirely of plastics, on the site now occupied by Whitehall.

Hod.

## The Hustlers

MAJOR MARVIN P. CHUTE, of Spokane, Wash., was discussing pronunciation with me, and so of course it was not very long before we worked round to such things as Cholmondeley and our extraordinary way of saying 'xtrodrny.

"Naturally," said Major Chute, "that guy Archie was only kidding in the Duffy broadcast last week when he said you guys borrow our language and then louse it up. But still, you'd be surprised how many of my countrymen adopt that attitude in a serious way. They kind of resent it when an Englishman says 'xtrodrny."

"I can understand its being regarded as comical," I said. "In fact I've heard so many American jokes about it I could set myself up as a wit in any part of the States and convince your boys that the British have a sense of humour after all. But why resentment?"

"Listen," said Major Chute, "I only have a forty-eight, not two weeks' leave. It would take too long to explain, and even then I'd be wrong. But mind you, I don't resent it. The language is yours, so make yourself at home. For all I know, this kind of slurred talk that skids round the corners of words like 'xtrodrny may be highly efficient and streamlined. I still get your meaning (most of the time) and yet you save syllables, wear and tear, time, and so forth. In that respect, at least, you're hustlers. It's funny the American isn't a hustler when it comes to speech. Which reminds me of your Mr. Chesterton, who made fun of us in a ditty about the way we say we're hustlers and then



go and call a lift an elevator and a flat an apartment and such."

"Yes," I said, "I remember that poem. I don't suppose that sort of thing goes over any too big in the States, does it?"

"How did you guess?" said Major Chute. "I thought it was a secret over here. We like *ex*-porting criticism O.K., but we don't want to *im*-port it. It seems that would be against the Monroe Doctrine or something, but the Immigration people forget to warn visiting authors about it. If you're ever planning a lecture trip in the States yourself I can give you a few tips on sparing our feelings."

"Thanks," I said. "Not that I plan to lecture. But if I did consider it I'd try to remember that you were only human."

"You'd be wrong to say so," said Major Chute. "That's the last thing the *ex*-porters want to hear. They want to feel they're something more than that."

"And that sounds very human too," I said. "Maybe it's only human to feel you're not human."

"Still, you couldn't go to Chicago and tell the Colonel so. You can't tell him he's the same as a guy who says '*xtrodrny*'. I shudder to think of the results. He'd start defending Detroit all over again."

"What if I told him that you people have a lot of streamlined words too? As a matter of fact, though you laugh at poor old Cholmondeley, you have far more words like that than we have."

Major Chute signified incredulity by a polite but complicated evolution of his features. "Even if that is so," he said, "we thought of the joke first. A joke's a joke, but a *tu quoque* makes hard feelings. You gotta think up a new joke."

"Yes, but you just told me it was

not entirely a joke. You mentioned resentment."

"That's so," he said. "Let's hear your evidence then, if you wanna try to convince me."

"Well, you just said *wanna* instead of *want to*. What is that if it isn't a Chumly-ism? And you have thousands and thousands of words like that."

"We haven't got Cholmondeley, though. Names are more important than anything else. If a name needs one thing, it is to be distinct. So what do you do? You hand us Marylebone and such, just to mix us up. We wouldn't do that to a name."

"No? How about Irene?"

"I suppose you mean Ireen. Well, what about it?"

"Streamlining there, aren't you? How about Beryl?"

"Do you mean peril?"

"No, Beryl. A girl's name, and a stone."

"Never heard of it. We got a name *Burl*. It wouldn't be that?"

"The same. Spelt B-E-R-Y-L. Check?"

"Check."

"How about Beatrice?"

"Oh, Beetrus, mainly. But . . ."

"How about the town of Psyche, in Oregon, pronounced Pusht, though heaven knows how even the psychic could find a T in it?"

"Yeah, I see your point," said Major Chute. "Skip the rest. Check and double check." He regarded me thoughtfully for a moment. "Say, listen. *All* those names are girls' names."

"Check again."

"Well, we gotta reason for having to say them fast."

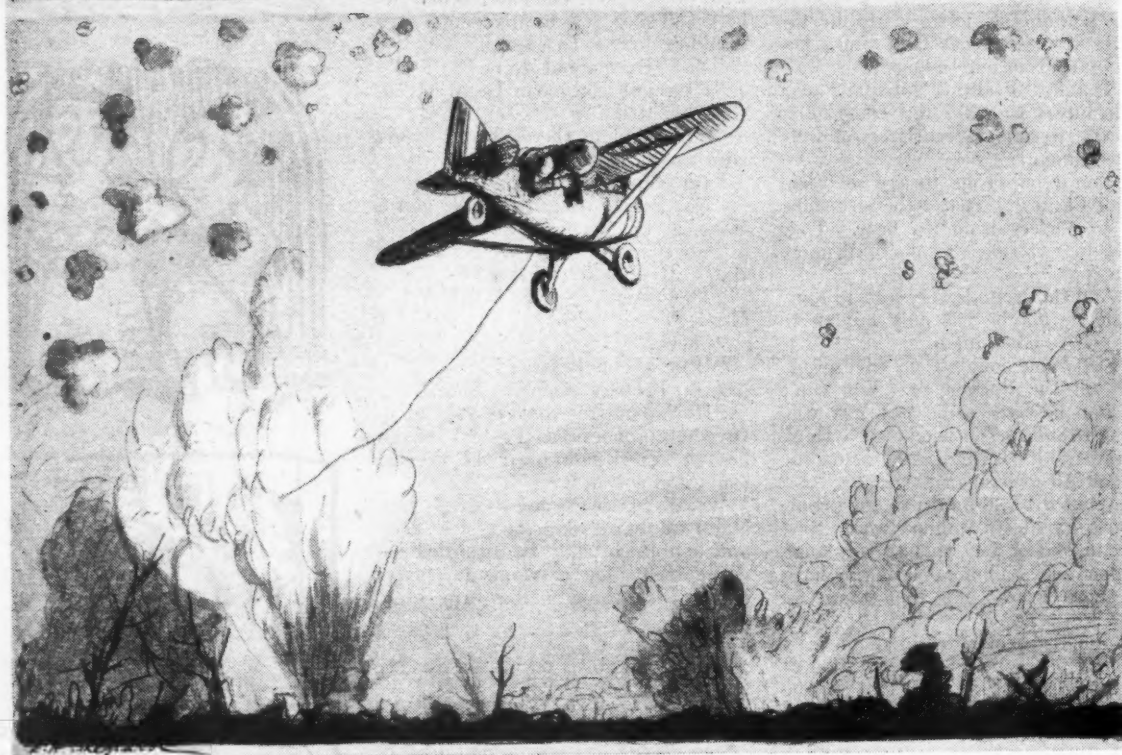
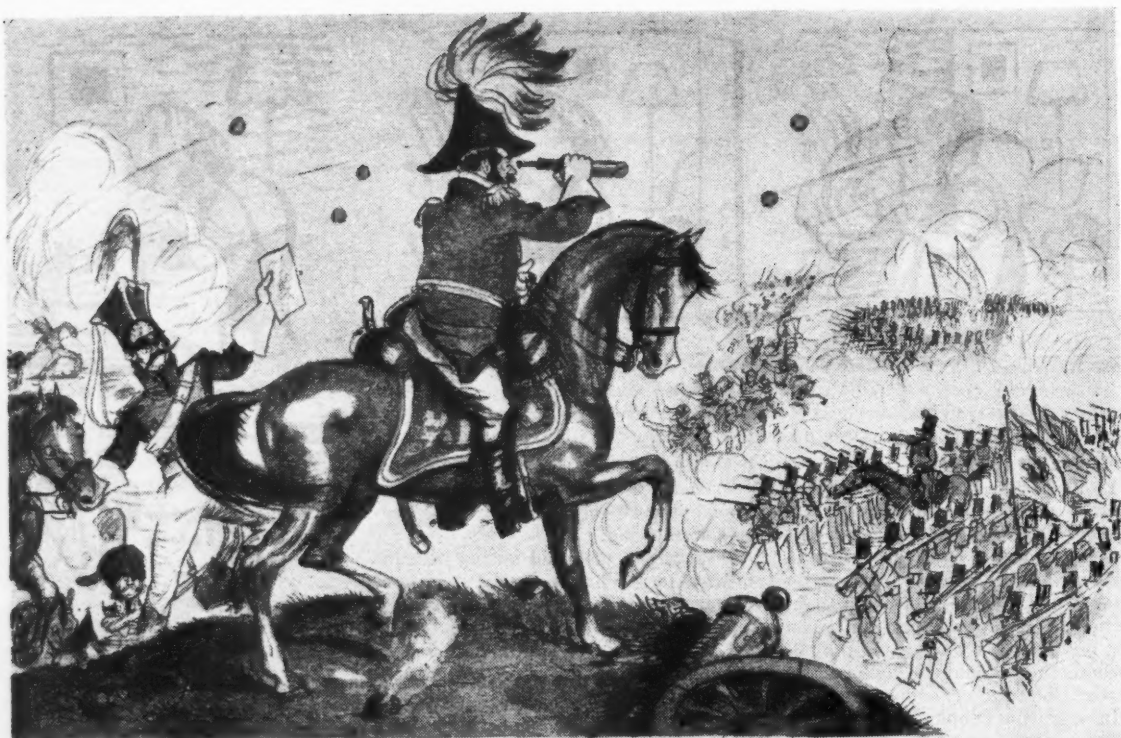
"What reason?"

"Why, our girls are so lively, you gotta stop them quick or they'll have whizzed past."

Check again, I suppose.

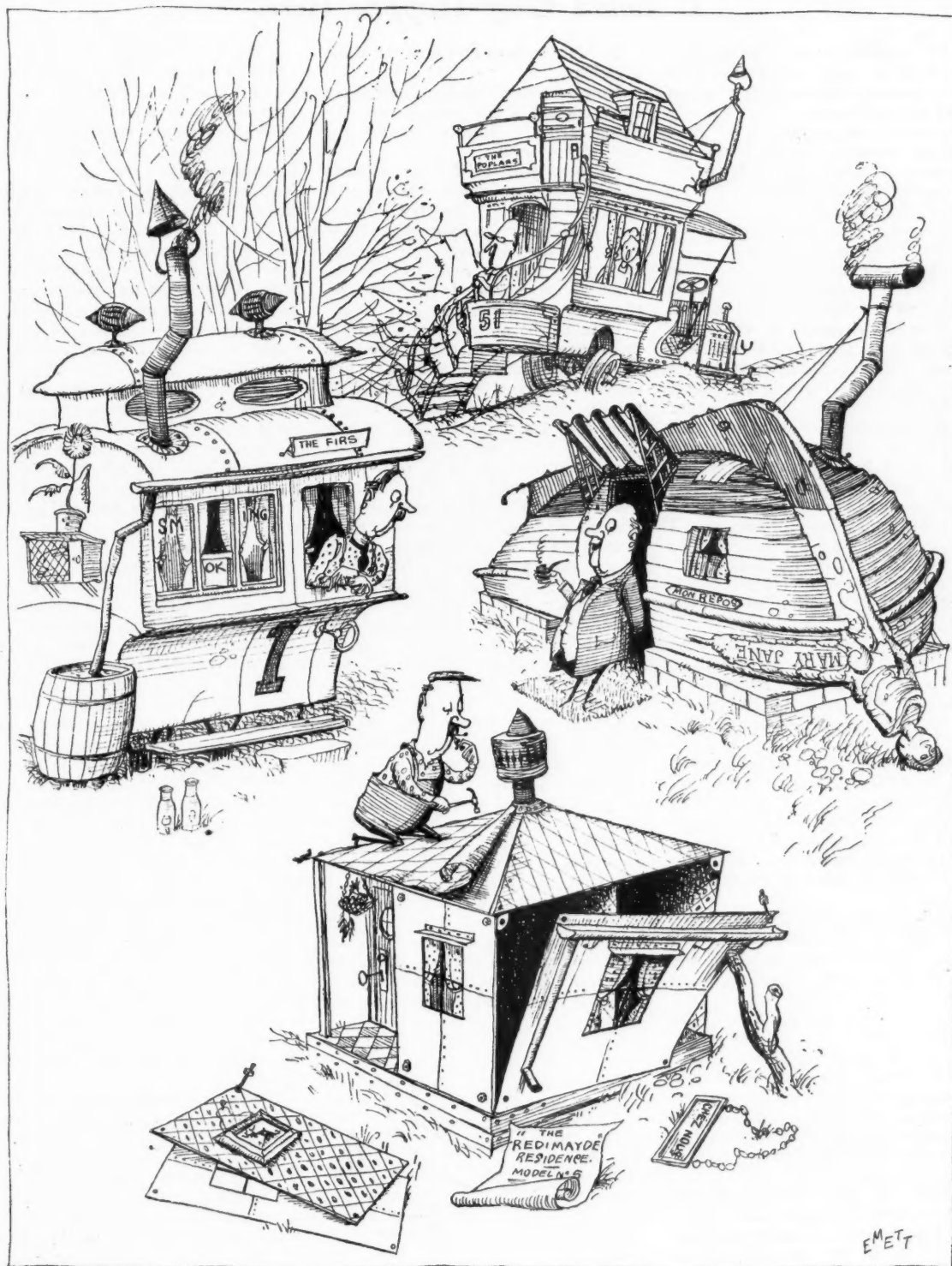


Memph Wilson.



THE HIGHER COMMAND





EMETT

"I say—that's awfully nice! I wonder what it WAS?"

## *It Could Only Happen Here.*

I AM reporting in my war substantive rank. And, woe is me, I have to purchase the necessary badges out of my own money.

I pause at the counter.

"Good morning, Major," says the shopman. "What may I have the pleasure of showing you?"

"Six pips, please."

His manner changes.

"Oh! *This way, sir, please.*"

He leads me to the far end of the shop, treading upon the carpet like a butler, till we have reached a spot where in this situation we can speak in confidence. I can tell by the way he looks at me over his glasses that he is not altogether sympathetic. He is satisfied I am guilty, but of what? Where nobody can look over our shoulders we search together through a cardboard box, selecting pips like precious stones. As they are wrapped up and passed to me like a note under the table, I am tempted to say that I am buying them for a friend, but his manner is too unctuous and ecclesiastic. The sooner the painful interview is over the better for both of us. At the door he lets fall this aphorism:

"Some people think that, actually, sir, three stars, if well burnished, make a more spectacular display."

Now, the next problem. Where am I to effect this change of personality? Here I am S.O.S. (Not a cry for help, but Struck off Strength.) Elsewhere I shall be T.O.S. I leave the unit off which I am struck (with as little ceremony as a dandelion-head) in the rank I have held here. I am "taken on" elsewhere like a new domestic, in the rank to which I must revert "on posting."

No use to change *before* I say good-bye. And so the last gins are consumed, the last hands grasped, the last salutes are given, and I creep into the duty car. Perhaps you think I should now draw the blinds and get on with it quick? But the instruction to report "*in my war substantive rank*" suggests, don't you think, that it is something you slip into, for ease and relaxation, after a day's golf, and a bath; something not quite so formal as a bearskin nor as homely as goloshes. A tuxedo, say.

"What are you wearing at the Bartley-Smythes' to-night, old boy?" "Oh, I don't know. I rather thought I might go in my war substantive rank." One day they may cotton on to this and put it at the bottom of the invitation, instead of Morning Dress.

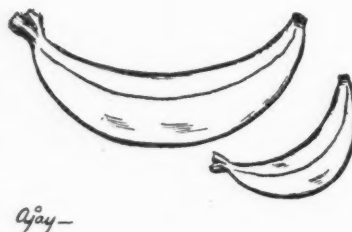
But for me here and now the thing is serious.

How to effect the transformation? Easy enough if the journey were by flying carpet. Mine is by duty car and railway train.

Perhaps you think my batman should have provided me with a change of uniform. Yes, but I do not happen to have two greatcoats. Have you? In the old days I have been known to get into rugger kit in the train. I wonder if I can now get thus into my war substantive rank.

It would be quite diverting to get into conversation with other passengers in the compartment who will pay attention to your views on warfare with respect whilst you wear a crown, then rise like an aristocrat with a date to keep at the guillotine. With haunted eyes you feel your way stumblingly along the corridor. . . . The holes for your three pips were not made in advance. You personally must now gouge them in the cloth. With what? Have you a knife? No, only a folding razor blade. No corkscrew? Nothing for cleaning pipes with? And what, by the way, should be your attitude when you return? Ought you to laugh the situation off, apologize, or sulk? And what will be *their* reactions?

I once knew a man who retired during a railway journey, and came back minus his moustache. Everyone reported him to the guard. The explanation was a simple one. In his regiment everyone had to wear a moustache. His fiancée, whom he was going to see on his leave, disliked it. How many will report me, if I change my rank, especially if I also put on dark glasses? I think I will *make* them report me. If they do not do it the first time I will go out again and come back as a sailor; and if necessary go a third time and put on a fez.



"What is England, Mummy?"

Actually, I do not change in the train. I decide to be a field officer a wee bit longer and to brush my hair instead; a pretty girl is my excuse. In fact, as I have crowns *and* pips I am tempted to dress myself up for one hour as lieutenant-colonel.

A car is waiting. I am decanted at the mess. I am ready to have a drink and go to bed, to make formal appearance in the morning. But in the mess I am defeated. The adjutant is in the hall. He notes my badges with embarrassment, draws me into an alcove, as if he is going to suggest some parlour game in which I must participate immediately.

"Have you anything else you can put on . . . a battle-dress, say . . . just for a little while?"

Charades? I can wear my respirator.

"If so," says the adjutant, "dodge upstairs and put it on now. I will lend you some pips, and the batman can . . ."

"I *have* some pips," I explain. "All I want is the opportunity."

"Run upstairs quickly, then, and fix yourself. Then come right down and meet the colonel *properly*."

This suggests I have already met him in the bath. I haven't.

I creep shamefacedly up darkened stairs. The air is hushed, the light is dim. A batman who wheezes, and keeps looking over his shoulder for the angel of death, stoops like a tailor over my S.D. tunic, working with sore thumbs and split pins against the clock.

At last I am ready. I can start down the old Italian staircase like a diplomat in tails. The adjutant is waiting on tip-toe, and he spies the change with admiration and delight. He only just resists remarking that they suit me better. He takes my elbow, and he reaches for the handle of the door behind which the officers are gathered round the colonel, glasses and eyebrows raised, waiting for my entrance. My chin is thrust out and my fingers for the last time pluck my tie.

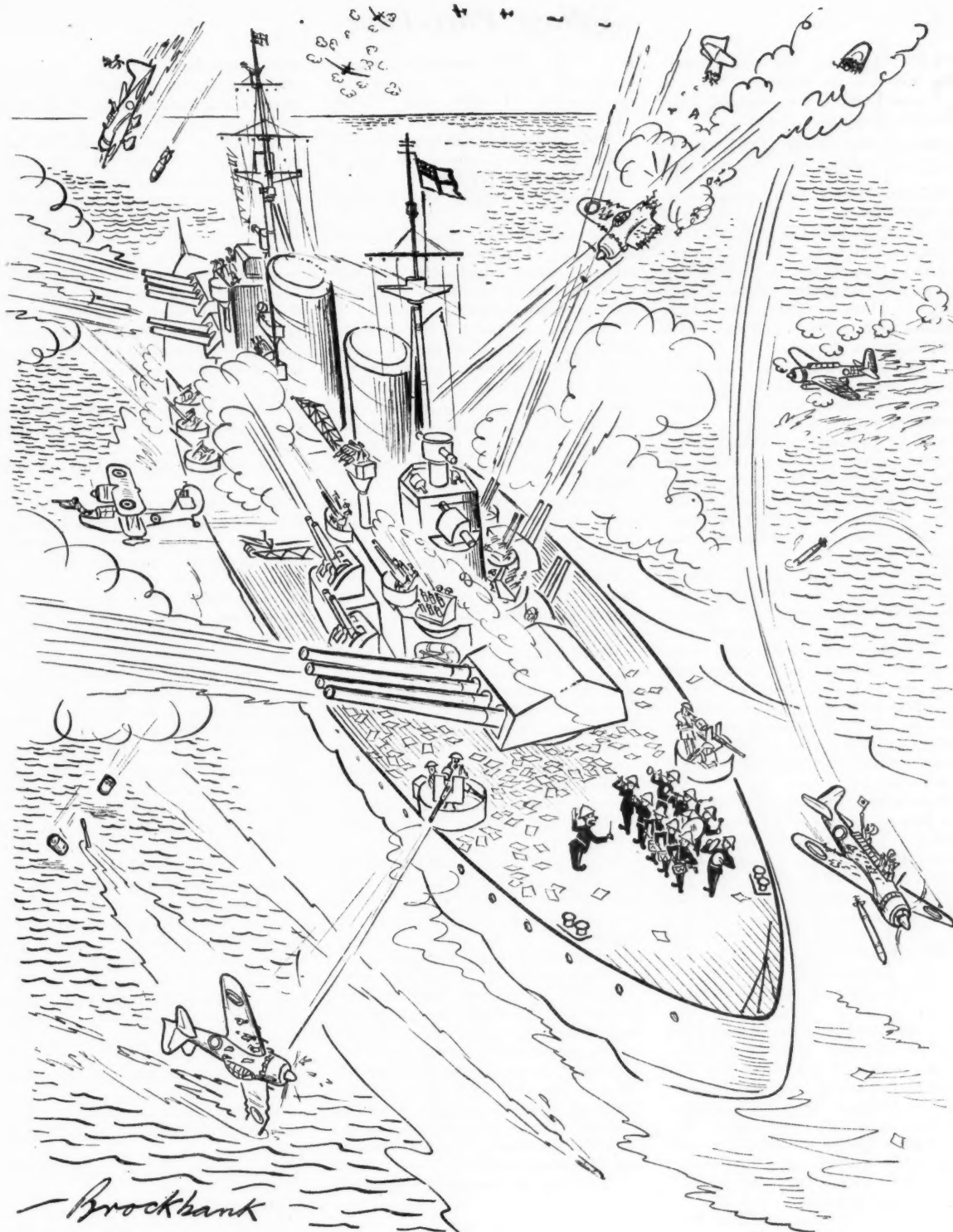
Where would old England be without tradition? And without war substantive rank?

"I'm glad you saw my point," the adjutant whispers, with his hand upon my shoulder, ". . . the old man is a stickler for the letter of the law."

(Yes, and it has cost me 17s. 3d.)

"This, sir," the adjutant announces, "is *Captain Hackshy!*"

"Why," the old man replies, warming by the fire—"good evening, *Major!*"



*"Always it's 'Action Stations' bang in the middle of Sunday Divisions!"*



## Village Part-Time

SOME time ago the local sawmill, which is on the direct route to our Food Office, erected large notices in flaming red type:

**WOMEN WANTED FOR BOX-MAKING. FULL OR PART-TIME**

This caused a great stir in the various Weyland queues. It was the chief topic at the Welfare Clinic, the Savings Committee, W.V.S., and other nerve centres where those for whom the notice was primarily intended congregated. These were, of course, elderly women and young matrons with children under fourteen.

A few bold spirits, probably evacuees with no home ties, must have responded at once. Those who were swift to take advantage of the fine strategic position offered by the adjacent village green reported that turbaned figures in dungarees were to be seen flitting about in the dimness behind the huge sliding doors. A desultory hammering arose and even the intermittent whine of a saw.

Boxes were being made. There were many conjectures as to their purpose. Some said medical supplies. Others ammunition. Those who claimed to be in the know maintained they were for Unrra. At any rate, it was war work, because the Essential Works Order had been seen posted up in the office by Mrs. Horrocks, who had gone to order a coffin for her Uncle Joe—the sawmill doing undertaking as a sideline.

When school dinners were introduced time began to hang on my hands and I felt that I should pull my weight in the community. All my life I have worked more with my head than my hands, except with the children and round the house. Now, I felt, was the time to remedy this deficiency. Besides, it cannot be denied that the prospect promised fun, which few administrative or clerical posts could supply.

Box-making, however, did not sound especially alluring. Hard and monotonous work, probably. But the family slogan has always been to "try anything once." So one summer morning early my accomplice and myself presented ourselves at the small seventeenth-century cottage adjoining the works which serves Mr. Horace Whittle as an office.

Behind the counter presided Miss Annie Whittle, Horace's spinster sister. It was the first time I had confronted her as a prospective employee. We

both, I fear, felt it somewhat. Highly conscious of my lack of suitable qualifications I said rather feebly "We've come about the box-making."

Annie, trained in the hard school of village diplomacy, wiped the look of incredulity from her face.

"Have you now?" she answered amiably.

As there seemed to be a lull I added, as though, I must confess, I were selecting some stockings in the days when that was a possibility, "May we see just what the work is, please?"

"Oo aye. I'll just tell Horace first." She disappeared into an inner sanctum from which clearly emerged the words, "I'll not. Tell 'em to look for themselves. Ah've more to do than act nursemaid to a couple of womenfowk."

Annie, somewhat pink about the gills, but carrying it off well, re-emerged.

"Horace is very sorry as he can't coom along o' you just now. Can you find your own way like?"

"Oh, yes, we can, easily."

We emerged into sunlight once more, to cross the narrow cobbled way that separated us from the modern up-to-date sawmill.

We picked our way across the yard, encouraged by cries from a lorry-load of Italian prisoners, who had come from a farm for sawdust. A merciful Providence prevented us from understanding them clearly. At the far end we saw a couple of modern Atlantas feeding tree trunks into what the accomplice asserted was a band-saw.

"My God," we said to each other respectfully.

At the far end was a lofty workshop in which various gadgets, all totally unfamiliar to us, were assembled. A few women were banging away with hammers of a size never previously observed, which made our poor little domestic tools look like toys.

From under our very feet, as if we had started a partridge, sprang a little troglodyte, covered in sawdust. He saw us jump and grinned amiably.

"Fair made you jump," he observed. "Didn't see that i' floor, I reckon. Must get used t' suchlike if you're starting. That's furnace down theer. Couldn't do much wi'out it, and it burns sawdust too."

"Are you the foreman?" inquired

my accomplice, and that produced such a paroxysm of chuckles that most of the sawdust flew off in all directions and made us sneeze.

"You'll be wanting Seth," he told us at last. "I'm only Septimus Whittle, y'know. Nay, I'm not on Board o' Directors—just a joiner like. Horace's dad and mine were brothers and he's a reet good 'un for keeping jobs in the family like. You'll have seen Annie in th' office?" We nodded. "Ee, she is a pill, an' all. What she doesn't know about joinery and saw-mill'd fill a book. We've had some rare dos on account of her getting wrong end of tale more nor once. Still, live and let live's my motto. Goo on up theer, 'n' you'll happen see Seth if he's not flit up to joiners' shop again."

The earth swallowed him up once more.

We endeavoured while looking for Seth to get some idea of what work we would be expected to do, but as everybody welcomed our approach as a signal for downing tools we were not very successful. However, I soon had my eye on an electric drill and screw-driver shaped like pistols. (These were eventually to prove my inseparable companions for some weeks of afternoons until I was promoted to be crane-driver and went to work from nine till five. But that's another story.) There seemed to be a lot of bandaged thumbs and fingers, but that was only to be expected. Above everything was the lovely odour of fresh pine.

We inquired again for the foreman. "She means boss o' shop," said a gipsy-looking woman to her neighbour.

This somewhat discomfited me. I imagined myself clever about the foreman business and would have thought Horace was boss.

Seth eventually appeared—a tall man with a stoop and a pronounced limp—"a proper Weylander." How difficult it is to convey the essence of those words!

He looked at us sadly when we explained our mission and scratched the back of his head.

"Oo, aye," he said shortly.

We felt we should inquire a bit more into it.

"We would like to come in the afternoons."

"Oo, aye."

We could see that although he was a man of few words he thought volumes. In short he took a poor view of our abilities—not just ours in

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



particular, as we nervously imagined on that first day, but of woman's abilities in general. (After a prolonged sojourn in the box shop we cannot deny that he has ample grounds for his slogan about women, which is Mr. Churchill's in reverse: "Give us the job and we'll finish the tools." As I broke my seventh drill and it echoed for the seventh time in my ears more in sorrow than in anger, I failed to appreciate its piercing wit.)

"We should like to start on Monday afternoon," my accomplice said, feeling that she was speaking out of turn, but Seth left her no option.

"Oo, aye," he grunted. "Did She tell you as it were one and a penny first fower week, and one and two after?"

We shook our heads.

"Ah thowt so."

"Well, you see, we didn't ask. . . We hastened to the absent Annie's aid.

"Happen you'll not need to know about one and two. Good marnun'."

And he was gone, leaving us gazing ruefully at each other.

"Now what could he have meant by that?"

We went back to Annie, who sent us off for our cards, and then we returned home to announce to our derisive families that we were joiners.

But we qualified for the one-and-two and made Seth eat his words.

Part-time went into full-time, blisters into callouses, and the pretty flowered smocks we wore at first, in which we had potted at home, gave way to blue dungarees, and suede shoes made way for the real Lancashire clog (not its refaned sister the Woodie), which is the most comfortable footgear I have ever worn.

Here we will stay until the day—not, happily, far off, so it seems now—when

we shall hand over our precious streamlined aluminium screw-guns and our antediluvian, rickety old cranes into the hands of those friends, relations and connections of Horace Whittle who left them so long ago for a pressing appointment in Burma, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

Maybe when that day comes even Seth will manage a smile!

o o

### Untrue Thomas the Rhymer

(Lines written after a short—but long enough—course in the French language.)

**T**O rhyme in French, you'll scarce deny,  
Is easy, for there is well-nigh  
No difficult rhyming for a bard  
When duplication isn't barred.  
To us, half-puns are not a rhyme,  
Merely a blinking frost (or rime),  
But Frenchmen love this and agree  
It's clever in a high degree.

Although it can't be hard to write,  
These geniuses may be right:  
It's clever to decrease their load,  
These bards who mine a low-grade lode.  
"Don't work too hard, boys," says  
their Muse,

"Till people pay you to amuse.  
Though English poets work much  
harder,  
Does that fill up their empty larder?"  
(That rhyme slipped in, but keep it, gal.  
I do not care. *Ça m'est égal.*)

As one says, they have reason, ay.  
You like this song? No more do I,  
But then, not being French, you know,  
Our reasoning is less lucid, no?



DAVID LONDON



"Bless you, I go back to the time when we 'ad only ONE conductress!"







*"A Mrs. Abercrombie in the second row wants to know where you got that dress."*

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## "First across the Chindwin in this latest march into Burma"

Extract from a K.A.R. Officer's letter, dated January 23rd, '45

"... now my Barneys comes to me once a fortnight in company with a bottle of whiskey. It gets dropped out of the skies as often as not. For what the information is worth you might like to know that a tin of Barneys, in my pocket, was first across the Chindwin in this latest march into Burma."

The originals of all testimony letters may be inspected at the Barneys Bureau, 24, Holborn, E.C.4

TRIBUTE TO JOHN SINCLAIR'S  
**Barneys**

★ Barneys (medium), Punchbowl (full), Parsons Pleasure (mild)  
2/9½d. oz.

(283) MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD., BATH LANE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

# Get it



# Harrods

It pays you best  
to buy the best

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW1



# Francis Lemann

*baker of hand-made*

## Biscuits

*perfected his art in*

**1747**

*when the Original London  
Captains Biscuits were first sold.*

If your grocer cannot yet  
supply Lemann's, be patient  
with him. Keep on asking,  
and one of these days he will.

*Francis Lemann Ltd., Bush House, London, W.C.2*

*Remember!*  
**THE "AB" COOKER**  
IS WELL WORTH WAITING FOR



- **Cooking and Water Heating** combined in one unit.
- **Big Fuel Economy Ensured** through automatic fuel feed.
- **Food Values Are Retained** by balanced distribution of heat.
- **High Temperatures Are Available** at a moment's notice.

**You Are Invited . . .**

to visit the Demonstration Kitchen  
at the address below, and see how  
the "AB" Cooker works—also get  
advice on your war-  
time cooking  
problems.



Write for Free Illustrated Brochure to :  
**FEDERATED SALES LIMITED**  
(Dept. P62) 80, GROSVENOR ST., LONDON, W.1  
Telephone: Mayfair 5084/5

**COMBINING COOKING & WATER-HEATING**

(Controlled by Federated Foundries, Limited)

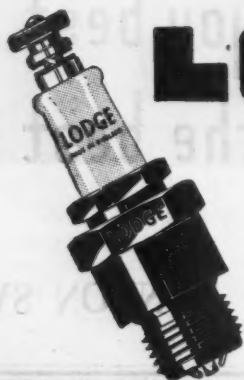
# SINTOX

*One of our war secrets*

THE  
WORLD'S  
FINEST  
INSULATOR

is exclusive to

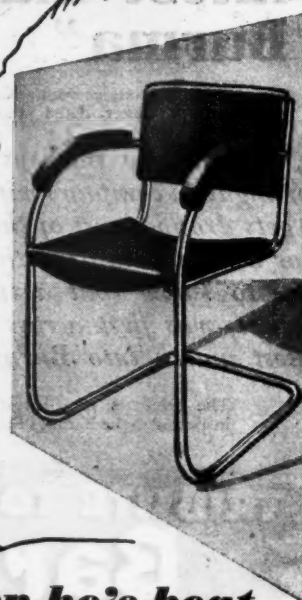
# LODGE PLUGS



LOOK FOR THE  
**PINK INSULATOR**

Made by Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

## The Boss's seat



**for when he's beat**



**TUBULAR STEEL CHAIRS**  
PEL LTD., OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM

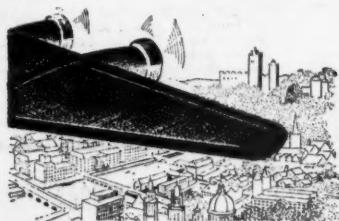
**WE'LL BE BACK AGAIN.  
WHEN IT'S ALL OVER—**



**MEANWHILE, DON'T FORGET**

**IDRIS**  
THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY  
TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS



**NEW  
PLACES...**

The day will come when the lure of strange places will give you no rest. And, remembering the lost years, you will pack forthwith and go. And the world, noting your distinctive Antler Luggage, a thing of strength and beauty, will say: "Here comes a traveller of discernment."

Meantime... take good care of your Antler Luggage; keep it polished and ready... for the day.



**ANTLER**

The World's Best Luggage

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM



THE PERFUME  
OF ORANGE BLOSSOM

ATKINSONS ORANGE GROVES TUNIS

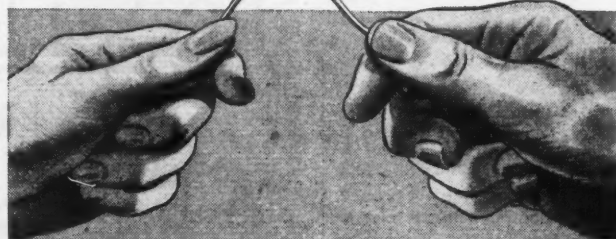
ATKINSONS Eau de Cologne retains all the subtle fragrance of the 15th century Continental original, because it has always been made from this traditional recipe, first used in England by Mr. James Atkinson in 1799. In 1940 manufacture ceased, but ladies who think of Atkinsons as only a fragrant memory, will be glad to know that Atkinsons extensive orange groves in Tunisia are being maintained in perfect condition; which means that as soon as restrictions are removed, we shall be able to start immediately to make this refreshing essence to revive their spirits and crystallise their charm once more.

ATKINSONS *Eau de Cologne*  
OLD BOND STREET

AEC 147A-98

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

**WISHFUL THINKING?**



THERE may be some people who dismiss all talk of "after-the-war" return of life's comforts and luxuries as mere wishful thinking. But people like ourselves who make things must be ready to swing into peace-time production as soon as hostilities end. Thinking is necessary and there's no harm in honest wishfulness. So we have been thinking out new and better Morlands Glastonburys — smarter and more weather-resisting sheepskin-lined overshoes and boots; and slippers of unheard of cosiness and chic.

War-time  
Ladies'  
Ankle Boot



**Glastonburys**

War-time Sheepskin  
Slipper

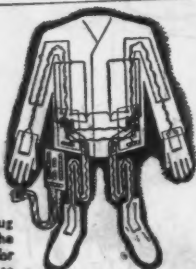


**MORLANDS  
GLASTONBURYS**

### The Windak suit in use . . . . No. 3

#### "Turn on the HEAT"

Electrical arteries circulate warmth to every part of the WINDAK flying suit (officially known as SUIT BUOYANT). Simple press studs connect electric gloves and boots. A plug has only to be pushed into the plane's supply socket for the whole outfit to function at once. Other WINDAK features are comfort, freedom of movement, ventilation, quick release, floatability. Ample pocket room.



BAXTER, WOODHOUSE  
& TAYLOR LTD  
Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire

I wonder if WINDAK  
will adapt this idea  
for post-war motoring?

*you bet they will!*

this  
might be  
anything . . .

Actually it's a private drive—and after five years without much attention it's probably anything but something to be proud of! Might as well, therefore, begin thinking about COLAS. For whether you want to resurface completely, or "patch" economically, there's no better material to use. . . . A tough, resistant, dust-free surface. A surface that doesn't "flow" in hot weather or disintegrate in cold. A surface that marries perfectly with all foundation materials. That's COLAS in a nutshell. . . . Your own builder—or even a gardener—can put down COLAS easily, without special apparatus or skilled labour. And (by the way) it is harmless to vegetation, to animals or fish. Before you take any steps about drive-resurfacing, send details and let us show you how to —

see to it with **COLAS**

COLAS PRODUCTS LTD : 5-6 CROSBY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.3

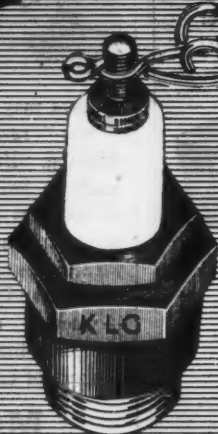
### SPA TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

Spa treatment for Rheumatism has been recognised for many years as one of the most satisfactory methods of combating this insidious disease. Even a mild attack means pain and reduced working capacity and you should act at once, before Rheumatism gets a stranglehold on your system. To-day, a course of treatment at a Spa is out of the question for most people, as neither time nor money can be spared. 'Alkia' Saltrates, however, may be described as a Spa treatment in your own home. It has the essential medicinal properties of seven world-famous Spas and similar beneficial effects as a course of drinking the Spa waters. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning will soon relieve the pain, and, taken regularly, dissolves impurities in the blood stream and eliminates them from the system, thus helping to prevent regular attacks of Rheumatism. A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9d., including Purchase Tax. Get a bottle to-day from your chemist and begin your Spa treatment to-morrow morning.

**'ALKIA' SALTRATES**

# K.L.G.

## 'CORUNDITE'



K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LIMITED LONDON, S.W.15.

### TRI-ANG TOYS

The bad and overpriced toys you have been forced to buy were not ours. We have been making guns, shells and aeroplanes, etc., during the war. Soon we hope to be permitted to restart making TRI-ANG TOYS.

LINES BROS. LTD., LONDON, S.W.19



Healthy dogs  
make good companions

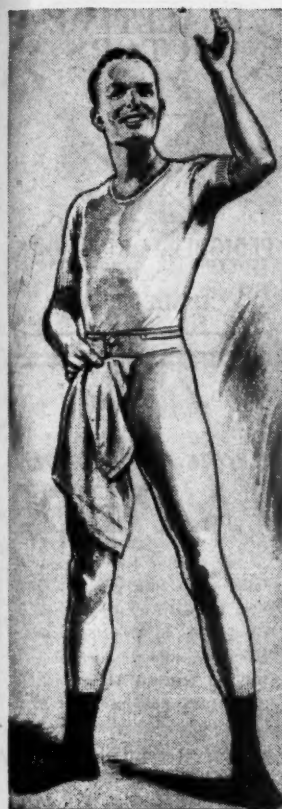


**BOB MARTIN'S**

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit





*You'll agree that Craftsmanship cannot be stifled by standardisation, when you buy "Utility" Underwear by MERIDIAN. It has just that little something that reveals the hand of the craftsman.*



There are Meridian Singlets and Trunks in the war-time range as well as the garments illustrated.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

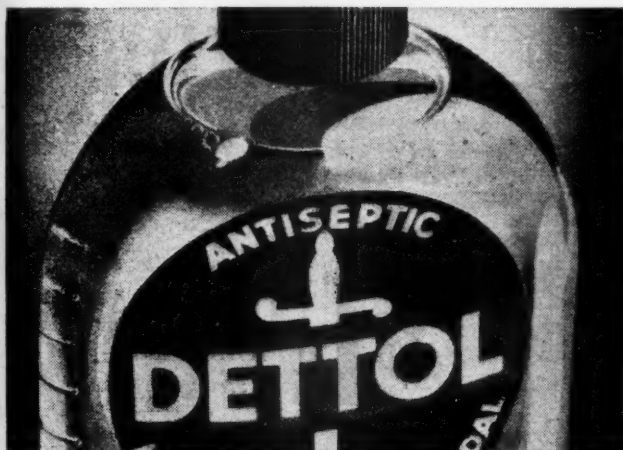
Not too little..

not too much..

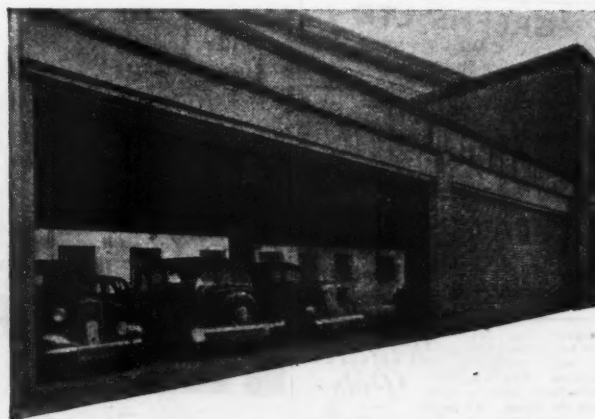
but just right  
IF IT'S  
**ERASMIC**  
**SHAVING STICK**  
THANKS TO ITS  
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER

ER 359-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.



In fighting infection in your own home, learn from the hospital. Against the germs that cause infection modern science has a modern weapon. In our great hospitals, in surgical, medical and maternity wards throughout the country, surgeons, doctors and nurses protect their patients—and protect themselves—with 'Dettol'.



**WHEN MINUTES COUNT..**

**MATHER  
& PLATT  
Steel  
Rolling  
Shutters**

As in the case of an urgent call to the mobile Police, electrically-operated Rolling Shutters are a decided asset.

That is one reason why Mather & Platt Shutters are installed in the Police Garage illustrated above.

**ELECTRICALLY OPERATED  
PROVIDE *Quick* CLEARANCE**

**MATHER & PLATT LTD. MANCHESTER 10.**

THERE'S ONLY ONE



## GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants  
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,  
London, E.C.3

After the War we hope to  
resume offering Wines of all  
descriptions.

Meanwhile we have pleasure in  
offering a limited quantity of  
Cigars.

## "CARASADA"

Intermezzo size, 5½ inches long, at  
60/- per box of 50, post free.

Pedigree Soft Toys  
have been almost 100%  
on war work, so  
Pedigree Pets and  
Dolls have been missing  
from the shops. We hope  
it won't be long now before your favourites  
are on sale again. Don't be misled by poor  
quality goods. INSIST on Pedigree.

PEDIGREE SOFT TOYS LTD., LONDON, S.W.19

Pedigree  
PetsTails always  
Wag-a-lot

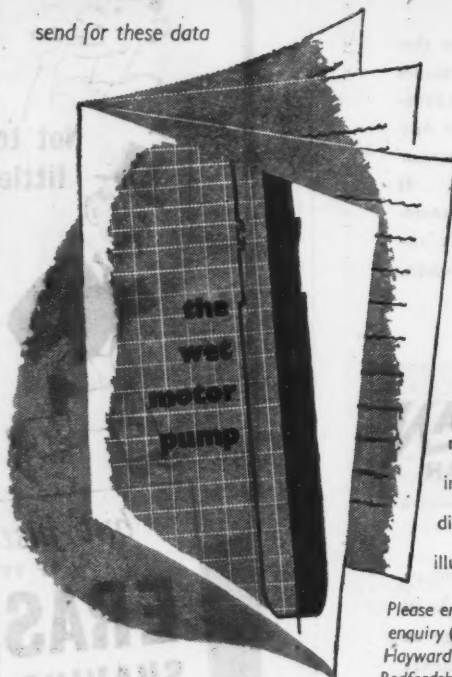
FOR

WINALOT

THE IDEAL FOOD  
FOR DOGS

## If you want water from depth

send for these data



## CONTENTS

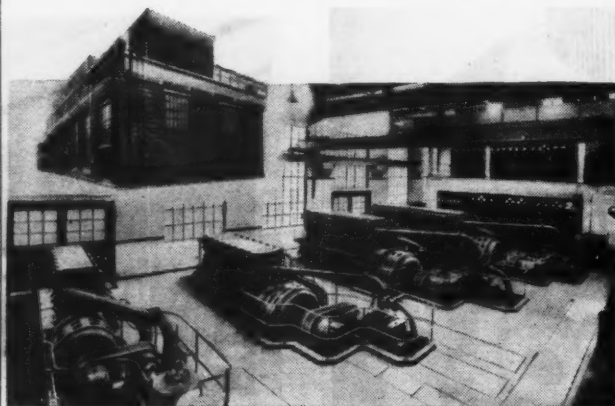
the true 'wet'  
motor  
the centrifugal  
pump  
the complete unit  
performances  
power and  
maintenance costs  
installation  
diagrams  
illustrations

Please enclose 1d. stamp with  
enquiry (paper regulations) to  
Hayward-Tyler & Co., Luton,  
Bedfordshire.

for A.C. mains

HAYWARD-TYLER

wet motor pumps



## The Crossley Power House

The recently completed Diesel-Electric power station at our main  
works is well illustrated above, and will be seen to comprise four  
units, two of eight cylinders and two of six cylinders, all totally  
enclosed vertical of which similar models are in operation for  
heavy duty in all parts of the world. The installation has a  
pressure charged total power output of 2,959 b.h.p., and a total  
rated capacity of 2,190 K.W. In addition to the generation of  
electricity for power and lighting, heating in works and offices is  
obtained by boilers utilising the exhaust gases from each engine.

SIZES: up to 3,000 B.H.P.

CROSSLEY  
DIESEL ENGINES

CROSSLEY BROTHERS LTD MANCHESTER II.

LONDON OFFICE: 2 HOWARD ST. W.C.2

C.243

PEACETIME  
VICTORSPEDIGREE • KINGS OWN  
(COPYING) PENCILS (DRAWING)CUMBERLAND  
PENCIL COMPANY LTD. KESWICK

V226

If you have any  
VAPEX

please make it last. If care-  
fully used, a little goes a long  
way. After use the stopper  
should be tightly closed to  
avoid evaporation. Production  
will be resumed as soon as  
conditions permit

VAPEX... for Colds

A Drop on your Handkerchief

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancs., England

VELVEX

REGD. TRADE MARK

INTERLEAVED

Always the Best  
TOILET PAPERVelvety texture - soft  
strong - hygienicA VELVET  
PRODUCTVELVET CREPE  
PAPER CO. LTDTOILET PAPER  
TISSUE  
HANDKERCHIEFSCORN  
MOVE THEM  
WITH  
"Hobson's Choice"  
CORN POWDERS

The Old-established remedy—3-7 days  
treatment. From Chemists, Stores, etc.  
Plasters 2d. Powders 1d.



*Good news for  
good shoes!*

MELTONIAN CREAM is again in good supply! Because the finest raw materials only are used in Meltonian production, stocks of this popular cream have been short for some time. Never has Meltonian quality been sacrificed to give increased quantity. But now Meltonian is available throughout the country. Should you experience any difficulty in obtaining it, please write to us, giving the name of your usual supplier.

## MELTONIAN

MELTONIAN LTD., OXGATE LANE, CRICKLEWOOD,  
LONDON, N.W.2

**"and at Saxone**

**they measure both feet"**

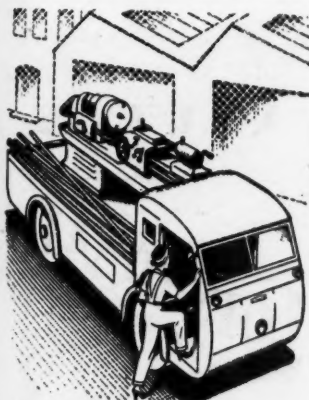


*We don't believe in half-measures with Saxone*

*Footprint Fittings — which explains the careful  
three-way measurement we make to fit each foot.*

**SAXONE** CIVIL AND SERVICE SHOEMAKERS

40 STRAND, 11 CHEAPSIDE, ETC., LONDON • SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY  
A.9



**Inter-works  
deliveries?**

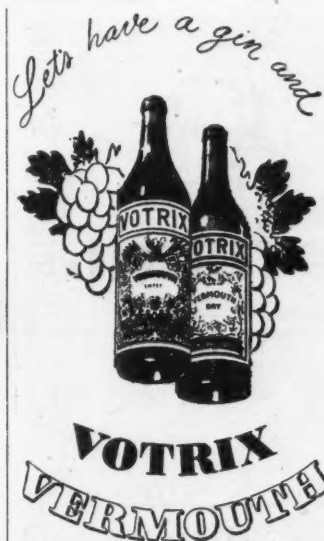
The "Electric" is proving ideal for inter-works deliveries. Have you thought about it? "Electrics" use home produced fuel, are cheap to run and maintain, and are easily operated by women or young workers.

**Use  
ELECTRIC  
VEHICLES**

Details from the Secretary.  
The Electric Vehicle Association of Gt. Britain  
Ltd. (Dept. P.24), 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2

**THE  
ORDER OF THE  
BRITISH  
EMPIRE  
PATON'S  
SHOE & BOOT LACES**  
SEE THE NAME "PATON" ON EVERY TAG.  
FROM YOUR RETAILER.

WM. PATON LTD. JOHNSTONE. SCOTLAND



Wartime prices are seldom any indication of quality. It's so with Vermouth. Britain's best Vermouth — Votrix — costs you no more than 9/- the bottle. For that you get a Vermouth equal to the best imported before the war from the continent. There is no need for us to charge or for you to pay a higher price.

*Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you  
direct so please ask your usual supplier.*



## COOK WITH RELISH!



AND you won't get the cold shoulder when you serve it with Yorkshire Relish. Thick and Thin, they give a snap to the appetite and help to make plain fare good.

### FOR A NEW TASTE IDEA

When making meat pies and puddings, add Yorkshire Relish to the gravy. Makes them savoury

## Yorkshire Relish

Under wartime zoning

**THICK and THIN**, up North  
**THIN only**, down South

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds, makers of famous sauces for 80 years. (40)



Nothing seems impossible when your energy springs from

## TUROG BROWN BREAD

### FROG MODEL AIRCRAFT

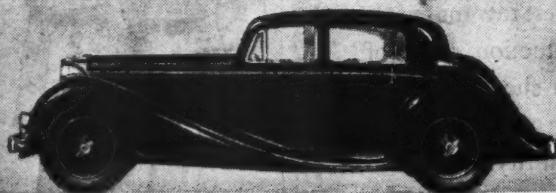
International Model Aircraft Ltd., have been 100% on war work, that is why there haven't been any FROG model aircraft for the last five years. It won't be long now before FROG models will once again be available.



Sole Concessionaires —  
**LINES BROS. LTD., LONDON, S.W.19**

TO SAVE YOUR FACE  
Use  
**Wardonia Blades**  
FOR BETTER SHAVES

# Jaguar



The finest car of its  
class in the world



JAGUAR CARS LTD. · COVENTRY  
(Previously S.S. Cars, Ltd.)



## Aachen-or-Arundel DEPENDABILITY



In the grim struggle for Aachen or that peace-time tour by Arundel's historic castle... wherever engine performance really counts, there's always Champion dependability.

## CHAMPION PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX



The Enjoyment that Chairman gives to the appreciative smoker endures. It is cool from first to last and continues to give the same satisfying enjoyment year in and year out.

## Chairman Tobacco

Three strengths: CHAIRMAN, medium; BOARDMAN'S, mild; RECORDER, full; 29s per oz., from tobacconists everywhere. There is also CHAIRMAN Empire Mixture at 28s per oz.

Made by the successors to R. J. Lee, Ltd. (CS)

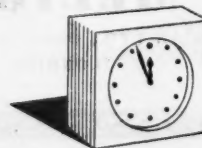
PLEASE help the Church Army to provide every possible amenity for the men and women of the Forces at home and Overseas. More Mobile Canteens. More Hostels. More Recreation Centres. More people to help to run them.

Gifts and enquiries to the Rev. Hubert H. Treacher, General Secretary and Head,

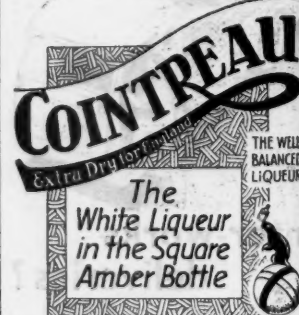
### THE CHURCH ARMY

Headquarters: 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1  
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

10/12



Nearly time  
for the return of  
**AERTEX**



MANUFACTURERS  
OF

**BRIGHT STEEL BARS**

THE

## HALESOWEN STEEL CO. LTD.

HALESOWEN,  
NEAR  
BIRMINGHAM.

64, VICTORIA STREET  
LONDON,  
S.W.1.



## Ride a Cock Horse.....

..... but you should see these little rascals at work. They are thoroughbreds among Springs—quick and alert, doing their job with the accuracy, timing and precision essential from Springs wherever they are used.



**THE TEMPERED SPRING CO. LTD.**  
ATTERCLIFFE RD. SHEFFIELD. 4



### What's wrong with this picture?

Welcome home sir. But surely something's wrong with our gallant officer? There is. Even if he happened to carry a rifle the bayonet wouldn't be fixed. Neither would he wear his medal ribbons on his greatcoat. And that bus conductor issuing tickets on a railway station seems a bit odd. Stranger still is the sight of the porter with the case of Caley FORTUNE

Chocolates. Impossible. Caley aren't and won't be making FORTUNE Chocolate until after the war. So, until Caley can build a factory of their own again, good friends in the Trade are making Plain and Blended Chocolate Blocks for Caley.

**CALEY CHOCOLATE**



We're sick of hearing that the Germans lead the world with camera lenses and optical equipment. How is it that our aircraft cameras are far in advance of our enemies'? How is it that Hollywood films are shot through British lenses? How is it that most of the lighthouses in the world were designed and made in England? The answer is that the finest optical glass in the world is made in England by Chance Brothers and, darn it, we're proud of it.

## Chance Glass

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED • GLASSMAKERS SINCE 1824 • HEAD OFFICE: SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM • LONDON OFFICE: 10 PRINCES ST. • WESTMINSTER, S.W.1  
SCOTTISH WORKS: FIRHILL, GLASGOW, N.W.

Make  
Wright's  
the 'rule' for  
the Toilet  
and Nursery.  
Kind to the  
tenderest skin.

**WRIGHT'S**

COAL TAR SOAP



ONE TABLET  
ONE COUPON





## KERFOOT'S MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the  
manufacturing  
experience of  
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS  
CATARRH-ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsey  
Lancashire

PI

## RADIO RENTALS

### Unparalleled SERVICE

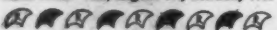
Maintenance and  
Service completely **FREE!**  
All Valves replaced  
completely **FREE!**

A Small Rental  
Covers **EVERYTHING!**

- No obligation—option to cancel!
- 500,000 listeners rely on Radio Rentals Service!
- The 'Falling-Rental' Plan makes listening progressively economical!
- Enjoy Trouble-free Listening with Radio Rentals.

Make sure you **RENT** as soon  
as conditions permit!

Head Office 92, Regent St., London, W.1



WHENEVER YOU SEE A  
JAM JAR-REMEMBER

**SNAP**  
VACUUM

## CLOSURES

The best of all  
fruit-bottling  
methods. Easy,  
quick, cheap.

In Cartons of 12,  
Price 2/6d. plus  
8d. tax, two sizes,  
1-lb. and 2-lb. for  
use with jam jars.

Bottle the fruits as they come into  
season and ensure a variety of healthful  
fruit dishes during the winter months.

**GRAHAM FARISH**  
LIMITED  
STAPLEHURST-KENT & AT BROMLEY



It is pleasant to reflect that England and America share a common classical architecture. It is not so well known, however, that the U.S.A. possesses a noble building actually designed by Wren—the Wren building at Williamsburg. Brilliantly restored, this stately building is of the greatest interest—and is outstanding, on both sides of the Atlantic, as an example of the "William and Mary" style.

Celotex Limited, makers of Insulating, Building and Hard Boards look forward to their part in the great task of reconstruction in Great Britain. Their knowledge, experience and technical skill will be at the disposal of architects, planning authorities, industrialists and private clients.

## CELOTEX

CELOTEX LIMITED, N. CIRCULAR RD., STONEBRIDGE PK., LONDON, N.W.10  
Members of the Building Board Manufacturers Association

# £6,530

## FOR YOU AT AGE 55

Supposing, for example, you are a man aged 35 and you wish to provide for this amount to come to you at age 55. This is how the plan works out. You make regular monthly, quarterly, half-yearly or yearly payments of an agreed sum to the Sun Life of Canada, the great Annuity Company.

At 55 you will receive from the Sun Life of Canada a cheque for £6,530 plus accumulated dividends. Or you can have £400 a year for life from that age instead of the capital sum.

### Income Tax Saved

On every payment to the Company you receive rebate of Income Tax, a concession which will save you a considerable sum during the period.

### £5,000 for Your Family

Should you not live to the age of 55, £5,000, plus accumulated dividends, will be paid to your family.

### How much—How soon?

The lump sum or income required, the amount of saving and present age vary in individual cases. This plan is adaptable and is available for women in slightly different form.

War Risk Cover available for Civilians depending upon Individual Circumstances  
FILL IN THIS FORM NOW POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED

To H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles)

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA**

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865—Limited Company),

22, Sun of Canada House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1

I should like to know more about your Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME

(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Punch Summer No. 1945

# "BLANCO"

The Original  
**WHITE  
CLEANER**



**SOLID OR LIQUID**  
*As good as always*  
**FOR WHITE CANVAS &  
BUCKSKIN SHOES**

*Warning* Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd.,  
Sheffield, England are sole  
proprietors and manufacturers of  
"BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner.  
No other White Cleaners are called  
"BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO".

### HARMER'S OF BOND STREET

will sell at Auction,  
May 28th and 29th, at 1 p.m.,  
the Second Portion of  
**BRITISH WEST INDIES**  
of the magnificent "Thomas" British  
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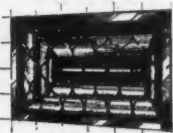
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the amenities of modern life  
stands ELECTRICITY...  
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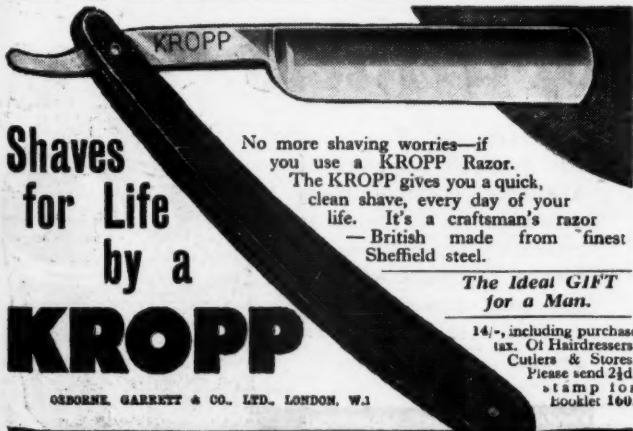
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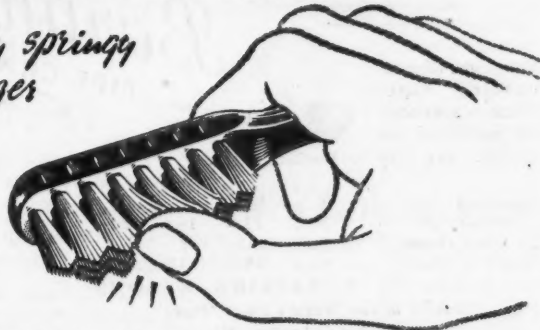
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*stay springy  
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A soggy toothbrush gives only top-surface cleaning. You need Halex  
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*The salt of a century*



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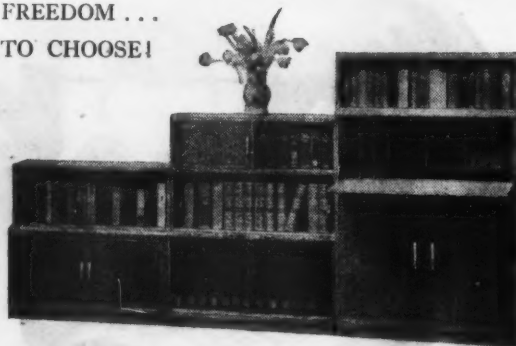
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**Bristol**  
FOUNDED 1796

Wine Merchants to His Majesty the King

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TO CHOOSE!



**F**REEDOM to live our lives as we will. To spend our leisure sunk in the luxurious comfort of a Minty chair; a Minty bookcase within easy reach, stocked with our favourite authors. Not least among the things we now look forward to in the near future is the freedom to choose the things we love—to be able to ask for Minty furniture and get it.

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ORIGINAL  
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Send your signed "Personal Points" page (which will be returned) to John Farrah & Harrogate Toffee Ltd., Harrogate.

A TRADITION  
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*A Very Special Treat*

A century-long tradition for Quality makes Farrah's Original Harrogate Toffee: the instinctive choice when you wish to send sweets that will be "a very special treat."

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ah! oh!  
**SOLO**



**SOLO**  
MEANS  
REAL  
ORANGE  
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*You'll see it again soon!*

Manufactured entirely  
in London, England

Take care of your  
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When available  
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PIPE CRAFT

Prices are as follows:

	S.S.	S.M.	L.	E.L.
Standard or Sandblast	10/6	13/6	16/6	20/-
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Selected Grains	15/6	18/6	21/6	25/-

Manufactured by **B. BARLING & SONS**

"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

(Established in London, 1812)

Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L., on each pipe indicate sizes—Small-Small, Small-Medium, Large and Extra-Large.

Index of Sizes clearly marked on each stem.

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(REGD. TRADE MARK)

All available supplies of SPARKLETS BULBS are being distributed as equitably as possible. For the present, please "go easy with the soda" and return empty Bulbs promptly to your usual supplier.



HYGIENIC—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

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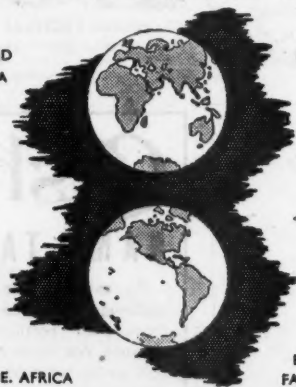
CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

will play its part in rebuilding

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### THE MARKETS OF THE WORLD AWAIT RYVITA

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The children know it's  
jolly good

Still the same high quality  
Sold by all good grocers.



## Kicking about

What could be more alive and appealing than baby in the bath or at playtime! This amazing vitality is sound evidence that baby has always had a balanced diet for the perfect development of the brain, bone and muscle.

How wise to follow the advice of your doctor when he prescribed COW & GATE: the food that carries with it the assurance of years of research and vigilant care in its manufacture—Britain's premier milk. A completely balanced food for growth and bone building and germ free in its purity. The safe and certain food for your baby. The Royal choice for Royal babies! ©3463

## COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"Babies Love it!"



**MARMITE.** A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B<sub>2</sub> complex.  
Riboflavin 1.5 mg. per ounce.  
Niacin - 16.5 mg. per ounce.

In Jars: 1 oz. 6d., 2 oz. 10d., 4 oz. 1/6, 8 oz. 2/6, 16 oz. 4/6 from all Grocers and Chemists

Sandwiches as tasty as they are health giving—that's the kind of sandwiches Marmite makes. You will enjoy them and they are good for you. Use Marmite also in soups, stews, gravies, and all meat and vegetable dishes. It adds flavour and provides essential vitamins.

## NO 'Golden Shred' J.R. instead

**Why?** Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED."



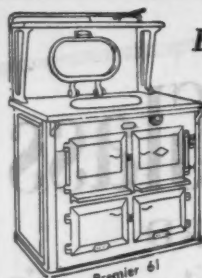
Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

## It's Robertson's -you can depend on it!



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Golden Shred Works  
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Premier 61

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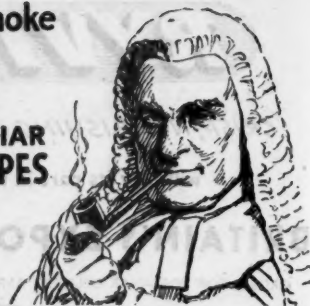
## All shrewd Judges smoke



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Established 1899



Also PETROL LIGHTERS & POUCHES  
Orlik wind-proof Petrol Lighters give a sure light for cigarette or pipe, indoors or out. Orlik Pouches in a variety of styles.

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has rested for many decades upon its 88 health-giving Springs. Around these have grown up a great variety of modern physiotherapeutic facilities providing a wide range of successful treatments for many ailments

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RELIEVES CATARRH,  
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ALLSORTS, OFFICER!'



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